

The ROTARIAN

(Registered, U. S. Patent Office)

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME LIII

JULY, 1938

NUMBER 1

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This month's cover—*Anticipation*—is from the brush of Russell Sambrook, American artist.

THE ROTARIAN is published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, by Rotary International. President: GEORGE C. HAGER, Chicago, Ill. Secretary: CHESLEY R. PERRY, Chicago, Ill. Treasurer: RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago, Ill.

Members of Magazine Committee of Rotary International: E. W. PALMER, Kingsport, Tenn., U. S. A.; STANLEY C. FORBES, Brantford, Ont., Canada; three new members of the Committee not yet announced.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.50 the year in U.S., Canada, and other countries to which minimum postal rate applies; \$2.00 in other countries, single copies 25 cents.

As its official publication this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles in regard to the activities of Rotary International. In other respects responsibility is not assumed for statements or opinions expressed by authors.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1918, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE ROTARIAN—"for people who influence people"—is indexed in *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.



Sketch by S. J. Woolf

GEORGE C. HAGER, building materials distributor, is the 28th President of Rotary International. He has been a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago since 1927, was its President in 1932-33, and for three years was a member of the Club's Board of Directors. Continuously since then he has served in the capacity of member or Chairman of Committees of Rotary International, including Foundation Promotion, Executive, Finance, Investment, and, for the past three years, Constitution and By-Laws. He was a member of the Board of Directors of Rotary International in 1933-34.

President

Let's Moor Our Ideals to Earth

By George C. Hager

President, Rotary International

NO PREVIOUS AGE, one can safely venture, has heard more talk about ideals . . . more mass talk. In lumbermen's conventions, in ladies' luncheons, in club-rooms, in back-yard chats, in the press, pulpit, and radio studio, the world discusses human conduct. The modern father scarcely blinks when his teen-age son turns to him at dinner to ask, "Dad, just what ethical concepts motivate the modern businessman?"

Science, the science of communication, has effected this spread of societal introspection. Yes, the same science that, having made a neighborhood of the world, says, "Here, now *you* make it a brotherhood!"

But with all this wider social idealism has come a narrower personal practice of it—as a glance at our turbulent world convinces. Why? Mainly because too often we leave our ideals up in the rare air of the abstract and too seldom bring them down into the heavy air of the concrete. The world needs a work-a-day idealism.

Is Rotary that? For Rotarians it is. Its aims, by gradual accretion and change, have come to include the essence of the great enduring philosophies and social-moral patterns. Yet they escape being mystical. But Rotary's Objects, if they do not go beyond embellishing the pages of Rotary literature, run just as much danger of sterility as any others.

Consider our Fourth Object, "The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace. . . ." Perhaps friends have said to you, as they have to me, "It seems rather absurd, rather ironical, for you Rotarians to go on talking about world brotherhood when obviously the world is a dogfight." And perhaps you, too, have answered, "Well, when business is bad, you double your time at the office. When your house is burning, you rush water to the scene as fast as you can." And then to clinch your point perhaps you have told them that:

Not long ago Rotarians of Japan sent a tidy sum of money to Rotarians of China for civilian relief. . . . That Rotary conferences in strife-wracked Palestine bring Jews, Christians, and Moslems together for a few hours of pleasant, prejudice-dispelling sport and talk. . . . That few weeks of the year pass without witnessing one or many Intercountry Committee meetings and international goodwill gatherings, conferences, and assemblies of Rotarians, and that somewhere during each hour of each day men of goodwill assemble as a Rotary Club. . . . That Rotary has almost 200,000 members in some 70 nations—200,000 men who influence men!

This is Rotary's Fourth Object at work, justifying itself as an ideal. But can an inland Club—say, one in a town 1,000 miles from a frontier—put the ideal to

Men discourse long and wisely on lofty ethics, and there too often stop. Rotary's Objects, to avoid sterility, need daily application.

work? It can. So say the hundreds of Clubs that sponsor Institutes of International Understanding, conduct high-school essay contests, build peace parks and gardens, fête local nationals from other lands, entertain students from overseas . . . and do a hundred and one other things that foster border-ignoring friendships. Opportunities for International Service exist—yes, abound. And an imaginative look around any community will reveal them. Let us let them lie hidden no longer. Also, let those who have had success with such projects pass on their experience to others.

In these days when the clouds of war and fogs of propaganda roll on all horizons, when nations are super-sensitive of their boundaries, it seems only logical to me that Rotary's stress should be on International Service . . . and actively so. We need to adopt a more positive policy in International Service than that which prescribes only a purely negative or passive attitude. Rotary, of course, must keep outside all international politics and argument, but it is not enough to tell the individual what he must *not* do if he would promote the Fourth Object when what he wants is a little more guidance as to what he *ought* to do to achieve that same end.

BUT Rotary's emphasis is on the individual. His development is Rotary's reason for being. If, as individuals, we can rid our minds of racial and national intolerance and numbing bias, we shall have made no little contribution. And if, as individuals, we fulfill the obligations of Rotary's first three Objects—that is, if we serve our Club, our vocation, and our community well—we do much to advance Rotary's Fourth Object, for it is the ultimate extension of the three.

Of course, let us go forward on the program of Rotary extension, but let us also give particular heed to developing what we now have. Let us not forget the man.

One of the best stories I have come across in my many years in Rotary is apt here. A little girl sat on the living-room floor, trying to piece together a puzzle map. Soon she shouted that she'd finished it. Her father asked how she'd done it so quickly.

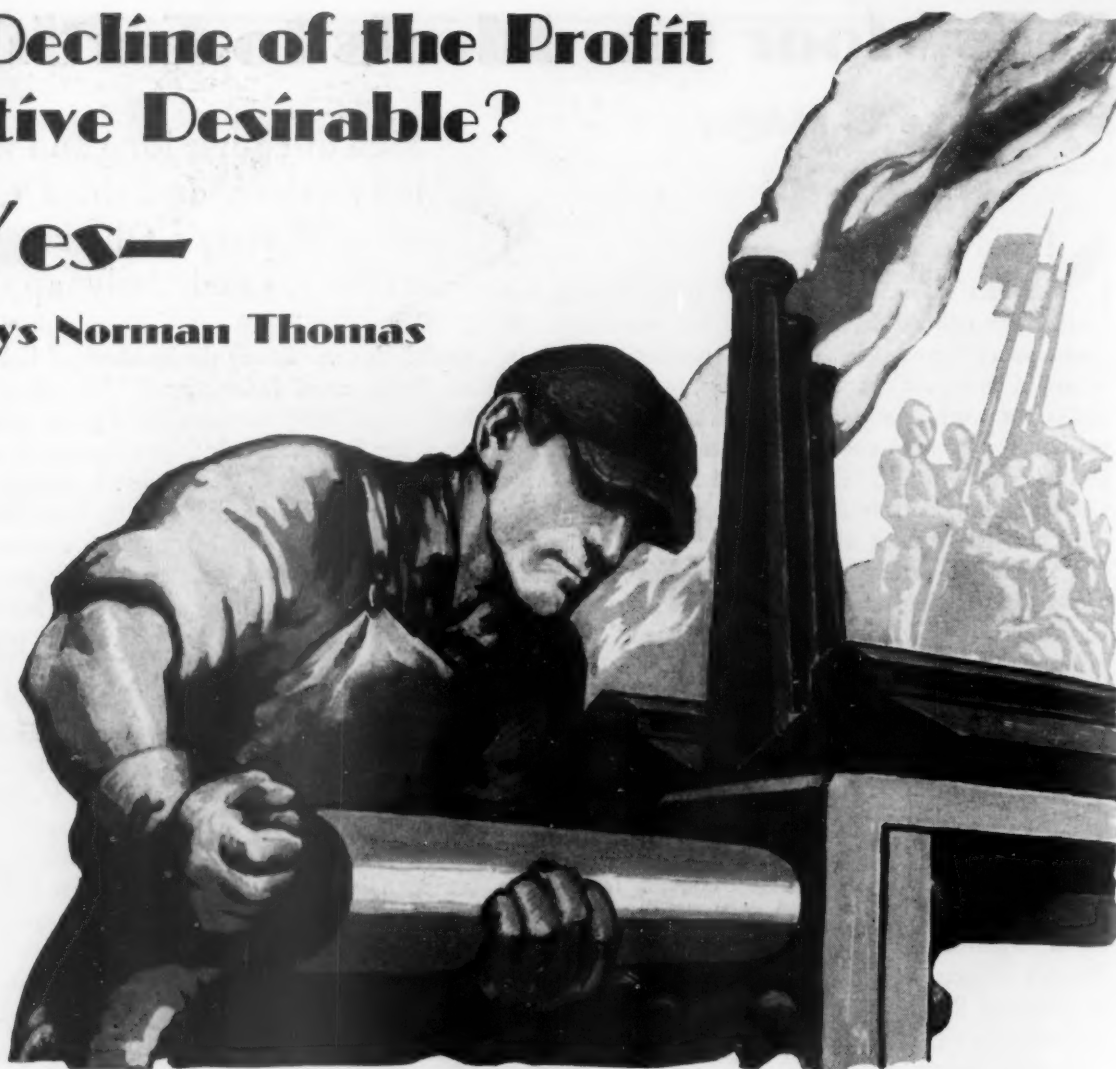
"Well," she answered, "there was a picture of a man on the other side, and I just put the man together right and the whole world came out right, too."

Let us enjoy Rotary and its unique fellowship. But let us at the same time obviate today any chance that tomorrow's Rotarians, looking back, may say, "Theirs was a vast opportunity. What did they do with it?"

Is Decline of the Profit Motive Desirable?

Yes—

Says Norman Thomas



THE PROFIT motive is, as everybody knows, the urge for profit which it is assumed keeps our economic order going—and how! But what is profit?

I have heard educated and intelligent men assume that those of us who argue against profit are arguing against any other remuneration for work than would be rationed out to men to keep them alive. The contrary is the case. We are against profit because we want workers *with hand and brain* to get the product of their toil.

In so far as profit now includes "wages of management" it is not true profit. Other and better ways to pay such wages of management can be found. Indeed, today under Capitalism, most of the work of management is done by salaried executives; profits go to absentee owners who manage nothing.

Narrowly, profit is the difference between cost price and selling price which goes to the entrepreneur in any enterprise. More broadly, it is a shorthand term for the rewards of ownership. It includes profit, in the strict sense, rent and interest, the desire for which is supposed to be the energizing force in our productive system, the king by divine right over us.

Indeed my statement is too weak. No king ever played the part assigned to the desire for profit in the older

economics. It was the source of energy, the steam in the boiler, of which the price system was the automatic governor. Its rule made planning superfluous for us men. All we needed to do was intelligently to seek profit.

*Thus God and nature planned the universal frame
And bade self love and social be the same.*

That optimism is contradicted by every day's newspaper.

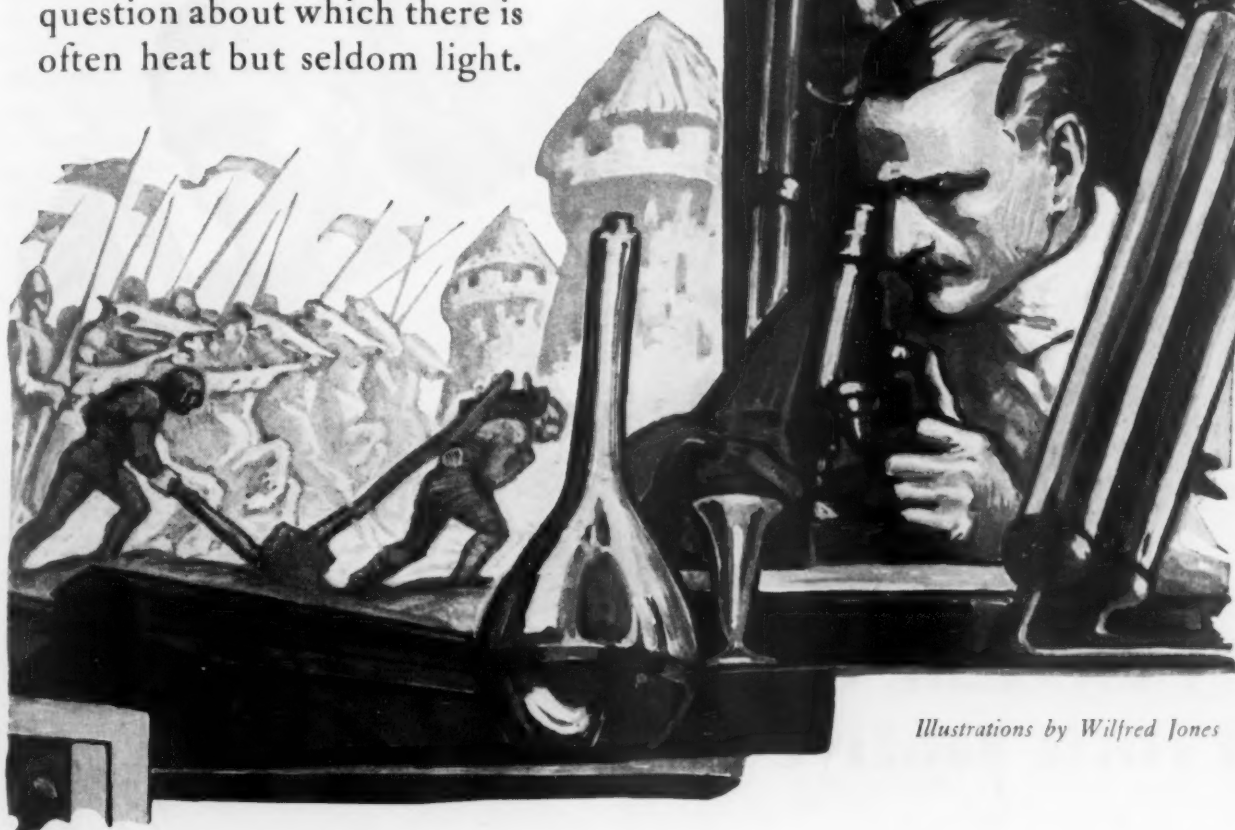
The case against profit in its briefest form is that it doesn't work. It fails to give us the abundance, the security, the peace to which we are entitled in view of our capacity to produce modest abundance for all in a world where men and nations are not constrained by any necessity outside themselves and their own institutions to kill and steal in order to live.

We grant the historic function of the profit motive in the capitalist or bourgeois revolution against feudalism. But we say: Its work is done.

The profit system is perishing of its own internal contradictions. Ownership has become increasingly irresponsible. What saves us at all is the initiative of the engineer, not the owner or the old-fashioned entrepreneur.

Out of competition has grown monopoly. The 200

Presenting the debate-of-the month upon a much discussed question about which there is often heat but seldom light.



Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

largest business corporations control 50 percent of the business wealth and are controlled by less than 2,000 directors, most of whom do not direct. The automatic working of profit is a joke. Those who profess to believe in it have constantly interfered with it to get tariffs or subsidies, or to establish a private monopoly. Under monopoly control, there is nothing automatic about the working of profit. Profit becomes in no sense a wage of management, but a tribute exacted from workers by virtue of privileged positions.

One of the most illogical things I ever heard in my life was a utility magnate's defense of the present system at a conference which I attended in the lush days when—but why bring that up? The speaker in his first address argued for holding companies, "the era of small units is done"—that was his refrain. In his second address, knowing that he had me for an opponent, he talked the language of Adam Smith, an economic individualism governed by the automatic working of markets, more completely opposed to his holding companies than to Socialism itself!

The strange thing, the sign of intellectual decadence in the system, was that he and other businessmen didn't realize the absurd contradiction in his two speeches.

When we went in for power-driven machinery on a large scale, we went in for an artificial, highly integrated system which said to us: "Plan or perish." Plan for

abundance for all is wholly inconsistent with the automatic working of profit sought in the open market. Profit rests on the exploitation of labor of hand and brain—that is, of the work which creates all wealth.

It depends moreover upon *relative* scarcity. If no one ever had reason to sing in the words of a once famous song: "Yes, we have no bananas, we have no bananas today," bananas would bring no profit.

This dependence of profit upon relative scarcity was somewhat obscured for us in times of expanding Capitalism when machine production was new, the American Continent was being subdued, the rate of increase of population was rapid, and the limit of effective demand far away. (Even in this period of expansion, the profit system gave us a calamitous series of periodic crises when men could not buy back what they had produced.)

But it is plain enough now. When businessmen, farmers, or wage workers feel that the price of what they have to sell is too low, they rush to the Government for tariffs, crop restriction, reduction of hours or of immigration—this in the face of human needs and wants unsupplied. You can't blame them. That is the logic of the profit system with its internal contradictions.

I am not talking theory, but cold fact. No system has ever failed men so calamitously as the profit system has failed us. Armed with all the machinery of abundance, it has none of the excuses of the [Continued on page 60]



Is Decline of the Profit Motive Desirable?

No—

Says James Truslow Adams

THERE HAS been, and probably will continue to be, a great deal of talk about the desirability or otherwise of "the profit motive." In such talk, the profit motive is nowadays often relegated to a very low ethical grade as contrasted with "the service motive." As in regard to many other topics of the day, it seems to me that both the talk and the thinking tend to be very loose.

A wise old Scotchman, when he scented a real discussion coming, would always say, "Define your terms, mon, define your terms." The advice is peculiarly apt today when everyone is talking about everything and he who talks loudest and longest is most likely to be listened to. Let us try to get "under the skin," so to say, of this particular discussion.

What *is* the profit motive? Popular orators do not define it, but from Nicholas Murray Butler down, they all contrast it, rather sneeringly, with the social-service motive. For example, President Butler, for whom I have high regard, said in one speech that "it is only when men rise above the profit motive and learn to subordinate profit to service, that social, economic, and political order begins to come within sight of a firm

foundation," etc. The way in which the term is constantly used would appear to indicate that those using it think of it as indicating that a man doing a job from the profit motive is trying to get money for himself instead of thinking of his job only in terms of broad social service. So we get a little nearer to the heart of the controversy.

If the goal of the profit motive is money for personal use, what is that money? Money is a convenient medium of exchange when a society has become sufficiently complex to rise above the stage of barter and when division of labor has produced differentiation between the productions of different individuals. Modern society could not exist if, say, a poet who had written a poem and needed a pair of shoes had to wait until he could find someone who would directly exchange the shoes for the poem.

Money in a real sense is merely a symbol of what it will purchase—that is, of the whole infinite range of goods in our modern world for which it may be exchanged when obtained. Nobody wishes to work hard or to take risks to make \$10,000 for the sake of possessing 10,000 pieces of green paper called dollar bills. What he wants are the things the money represents as potential exchanges.

The number of these is now almost limitless. To name some at pure haphazard, they may be travel, educa-

tion for oneself or others, food, rent, peace of mind as to the future, freedom of mind, a chance to do things for society or oneself which do not bring in money but perhaps cost it, the self-respect which a certain financial independence brings, the wish not to be dependent on others in sickness or old age, the feeling of power and prestige, social opportunity, and so on and on. The range of things, good or evil, for which money can be exchanged is almost as wide as human desires and modern opportunities. Money may be exchanged wisely or foolishly, selfishly or altruistically. Money, so to say, is a lens in a camera. We look through it to all the realities or possibilities of personal pleasure or social service in the world about us.

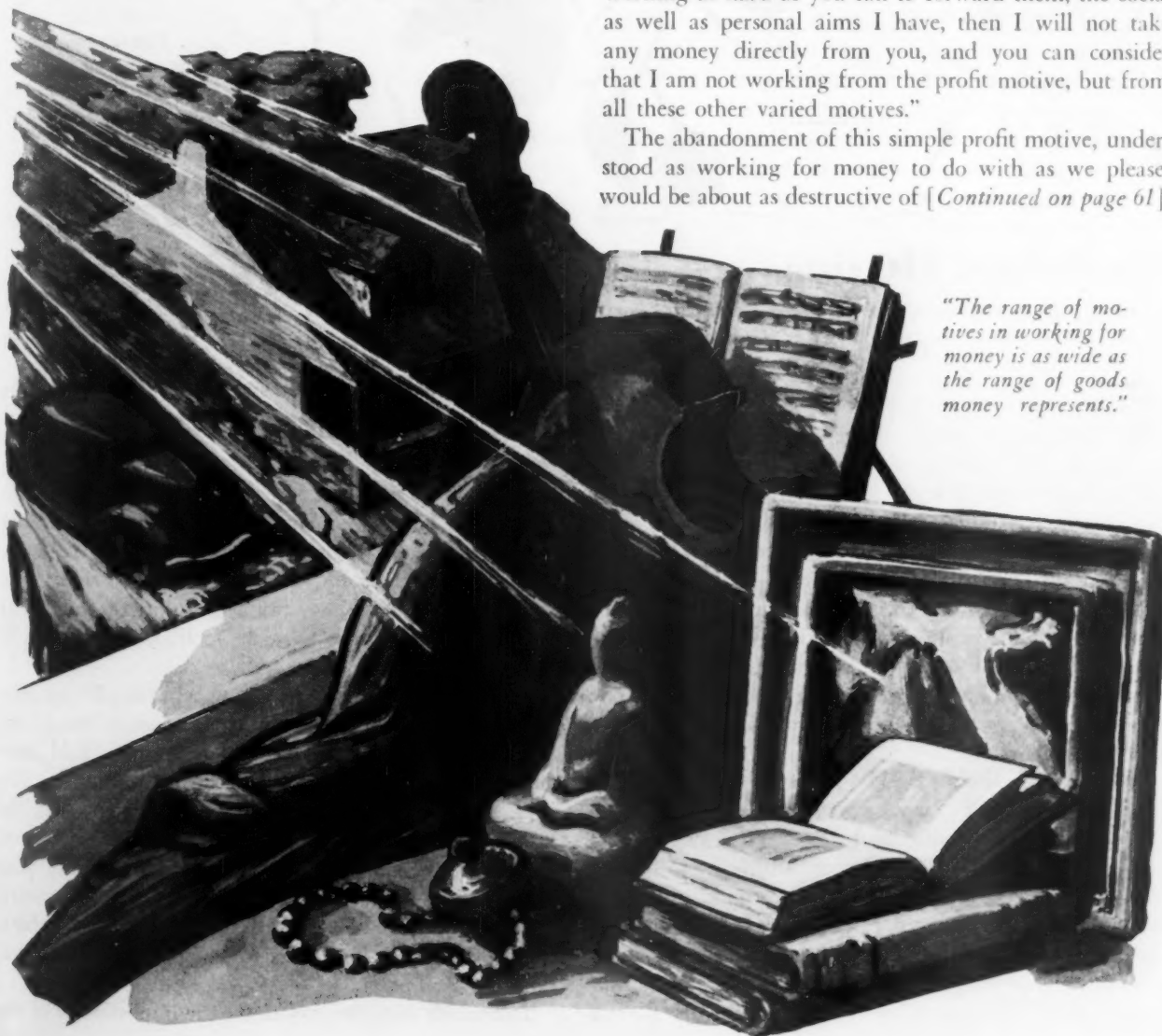
When, therefore, we speak of working for money in our job, what we really mean is that we are working for some of the things for which the money can be exchanged. The choice made among these possible exchanges will vary with every individual. This will be evident if you ask 1,000 men or women, from the best to the worst that our society produces, what they would do if they had \$50,000 a year. Their answers will indicate the real motives which guide them in working

for money. Some of these may be selfish, sordid, vulgar, and all that is bad. Others will be of the highest value for both the individual and society. No human being is all bad or good, and in most cases the individual will want money from a number of mixed motives.

The chief point, however, overlooked by most who deal with this topic, is that the profit motive is not a single unified thing, an end in itself, any more than money is. Just as when we consider money not in terms of cash but in terms of all the vast range of goods and opportunities for which it may be exchanged, so we must regard the profit motive as breaking up, in reality, into a vast number of motives. It stands for all these others. Just as money is a most convenient and indispensable medium of exchange, so is the wage envelope or salary check.

A man does not want to have to say to his employer, "I am working for such-and-such ends. My mother, or wife and children have to be supported. I want to send my boy to college. I want a trip to Europe. I am deeply interested in social welfare and want to help this or that institution. I am building up an endowment for this or that, and if you will carry all these things yourself, working as hard as you can to forward them, the social as well as personal aims I have, then I will not take any money directly from you, and you can consider that I am not working from the profit motive, but from all these other varied motives."

The abandonment of this simple profit motive, understood as working for money to do with as we please, would be about as destructive of [Continued on page 61]



"The range of motives in working for money is as wide as the range of goods money represents."

The Impossibility of Understanding



By Hubert Herring

Executive Director, Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America

IT IS a curious world. Here we are, 2 billion strong, increasing at the rate of 30 million each year, and living on Iowa farms, in Tokyo tenements, on Russian steppes, on Argentine pampas, in African jungles, in Park Avenue apartments. We don't get along very well together.

There was a time when we had very little intercourse, and in that golden day there was slight opportunity for clashes. But the gentlemen who rigged the first sailing boat, built the first steamboat, laid rails for the first train, strung telegraph and cable wires, invented the telephone and the radio and the motion-picture film, put an end to that careless isolation.

Now we are huddled. The Amazon seeps into Fifth Avenue, and the rice fields of Siam spill over onto Michigan Avenue. It is a dreadful mess. The closer we are brought together, the more violent become the misunderstandings. If the scientists continue to think up ways of abolishing time and space, tumbling us all together like beans in a bag, the confusion will be ghastly.

There is nothing new about misunderstandings between men. There have been wars since the first parents

Being a fresh approach to an old conclusion: that man, despite his 2,792 tongues and disparate mores, must learn coöperation—or perish.

begat the first sons. The early wars were cozy family affairs. The Phoenician Smiths borrowed an egg beater from the Phoenician Browns, who then went off to retrieve it with pikes and spears. Those first wars were relatively amicable. They can be put down in history as the precursors of intercollegiate football rather than of modern war.

Now, there lives scarcely a man who would not celebrate the virtue of understanding. If a poet, he would put it in measured lines. If a musician, he would find notes and half notes and rhythm to express his praise. But after the poems were written, the music composed, the fact would remain that it is harder for men to understand each other than it is to build bridges, erect dams, pilot airplanes across the Pacific, and weigh the stratosphere. If the observation of our tangled world leads anywhere, it is to the conclusion of the impossibility of our understanding each other.

The search after the reasons for the impossibility of un-

derstanding leads us off into the half-lights of psychology, economics, and history. It would require a brain trust with Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Charles A. Beard, William James, and H. G. Wells to hunt out all the reasons why we of this cantankerous human race do not get along more amicably. However, without their help, let us set down some of the curious quirks of human nature which postpone—or prevent—that full-orbed amiability which we agree should flourish between the citizens of the world.

First, there is our exuberant delight in *feeling superior*. Every animal has some of it (both the four-legged and the two-legged). The cocker growls at the Pomeranian, the setter howls at the cocker, the police dog roars at the setter. It is funny in the four-legged, and funnier in the two-legged. Races and nations, too, nurture their own theories of superiority. Philosophers, poets, dramatists, and statesmen merrily conspire together to prove that men of their peculiar parentage, their own physiognomy, and their special pigmentation have an inside track on truth and right, and should inherit the earth.

This build-up of the dogma of superiority is not new. The Jews of old, it will be recalled, had no dealings with the Samaritans. The Greeks had a word for the Romans, and the Romans had plenty words for their "barbarian" neighbors. And in our day, how many more names have been invented by the Americans, the English, the Scotch, the Irish, the Germans, the French, the Italians, the Turks, the Japanese, the Chinese? If there are a Gilbert and a Sullivan on Mars, they have unquestionably set us to music.

Laughing at oneself is one of the most bracing of setting-up exercises. So, if some of my fellow Americans and I were to sit down together in executive session, talk

frankly, without eavesdroppers, we could gain huge enjoyment from our sense of superiority. We could remind each other of that time when we met ourselves on a Czechoslovakian train, and recall the way we said, "We don't do things this way at home [meaning, *we* do things much better]." Or we could think back to breakfast in London, and remember how we longed for American coffee. Or was it dinner in Paris, where we said, "Now, in Chicago we wouldn't have to wait so long"?

OUR brand of superiority is not pugnacious, simply assured. We know that we were invented to rule others, just as we know that Detroit makes the best cars, that Iowa raises the best corn and hogs, and that Joan Crawford is a better actress than that German *Fräulein* whose name we can't remember. We are a little like the religionist who, in a burst of generous feeling, announced to the holder of a rival creed, "You serve God in your own way, I serve Him in His way." And we are always a little puzzled that the Latin American and the Frenchman cannot understand.

Our Anglo-Saxon sense of superiority has a moral undertone. If you doubt it, you can prove it by history. Haven't we a long record of trying to persuade the Fiji Islanders to wear pants, and of implanting our racial ideas of morals and manners among those to whom we sold rum and sewing machines? Some of us have even been known to covet for Nicaragua a proper appreciation of the Australian ballot, and to impose upon the Haitians a due regard for American cookery.

The *second* item of misunderstanding is *language*. Deep down in every human being is contempt for the unfamiliar. No matter how hard we try to develop imagination as to others' moods and minds, we slip into the assumption that whatever is different is inherently inferior. I recall watching one of my own countrymen in a Berlin cafe. He wanted cheese, and he talked only English. "Cheese!" he roared at the puzzled waiter, who



"The early wars were cozy family affairs . . . They can be put down in history as the precursors of inter-collegiate football . . ."

stood bewildered. "Cheese!" he repeated, in louder voice. "Didn't you ever hear the word *cheese*?"

Now, of course, that gentleman was an exception—but sometimes the exception tells much. And there are plenty of us who cannot quite believe that sound sense can be spoken in Spanish or Japanese or Norwegian. And, perhaps, there are some who question whether really good sense can be expressed in the accents of Oxford English.

A *THIRD* item of misunderstanding lies in *differing custom*. Here, again, it is the same deep-rooted contempt for the unfamiliar. I remember a hot airplane trip in Brazil. Two of us were Americans, four were Brazilians. We Americans took off our coats, the Brazilians kept theirs on, tightly buttoned. I learned afterward that our idea of comfort was an affront to Brazilian manners. The Brazilians were courteous. They did not indicate that we were going counter to their customs. But did they perhaps wonder at our inferior manners?

It is a familiar observation of those who have studied the ways of animals that the irregularly marked bird or mammal is often tumbled out of the nest and allowed to starve. So the human animal, reputedly far advanced from the beast, rejects as inferior those of alien custom. We know that the way to drive is to the right of the road, but *those* English and Swedes obstinately cling to the left. We know that the way to write is from the left to the right, but the Chinese write from right to left.

The *fourth* root of misunderstanding is *history*. Human relations do not start from scratch. We have all been indoctrinated in our schools with certain definite ideas of the perfidy of other peoples. Several generations of Americans could not quite trust England because of a certain King George, and were disposed to be more than friendly to France because of a certain Marquis Lafayette. But if American attitudes have been colored by the teach-

ing of history, how much truer it is of those lands so rich in history that a book could be written about each square yard?

The *fifth* root of international misunderstanding is *economic*. The conduct of nations, with all the resultant misunderstanding, is chiefly determined by their struggle for bread. The shuffling of war and conquest has created strange disparities. Some nations have ample land and raw materials. Others, with great populations, are crowded and without reserves of essential raw materials. The result is that the overcrowded seek to push out into areas where there are still room and wealth. Moral judgments and appeals to international justice do not answer their clamor.

This is not said in extenuation, in praise, or in blame, simply in explanation. It simply serves to underline the obvious truth that there can be no peace until the peoples are fed.

The wonder is not that the peoples of the earth get along so badly together, but, rather, that they manage at all. History, biology, and evolution have heaped us up together on this relatively inconspicuous planet. We speak 2,792 different languages. We live in some 70 separate nations, each with its pride, its history, its flag. We are cut off by lines of custom, habit, and religion. We are divided by historic enmities, the issues of which are obscured by time. And we are snapping at each other.

So the guardians of civilization—we Turks, Americans, Costa Ricans, French—are confronted with two obvious facts.

The first of these is: We cannot understand each other.

The second is: *Unless we find some way of understanding each other, our boasted civilization is doomed. War, with all its modern refinements, will settle that question—conclusively.*



Illustrations by
John Norment

Politics As a Career

By Viscount Snowden

Late British Chancellor of the Exchequer

● Presentation of this article, one of the last to come from the pen of the late Viscount Snowden, had been deferred until an American view of the same subject could be published as a companion piece. Such an article has been obtained from Meredith Nicholson, United States' Minister to Venezuela. It will appear in the August issue.—*The Editors.*

IHAVE been in the inner counsels of a political party for about 40 years. I have contested ten Parliamentary elections. I have sat in Parliament for 25 years. I have held high Cabinet office in four Governments.

I have seen every side of politics. I have watched the play of ambitions and the intrigues of self-seekers. I have known men of fine character who were inspired by a high sense of public duty; but there is probably no sphere in which mixed motives play so great a part as in politics.

Some men are born to a political career; others achieve it; others have it thrust upon them. In the unreformed Parliament, when a seat in the House of Commons was in the gift of a noble family, one son would be given the seat and another the Church living.

In those days, it was not uncommon that the nominee of the landowner turned out to be a statesman of outstanding ability. Fox and Pitt, both sons of peers, are cases in point, both attaining high office in their early 20's.

With the extension of the franchise, the reduction of legitimate expenditure, and the payment of members, however, the class of candidates for Parliament has greatly changed. Wealth is no longer essential to a political career, but it is still a great advantage.

In the older parties to a considerable extent the cost of a Parliamentary contest is borne by the candidate himself. This is a very expensive matter. The candidate is expected to maintain a party agent permanently and to pay for the organization and the expenses of the election. If elected, he is besieged with demands for subscriptions from every club and society, from churches and chapels, and from every charitable institution in the constituency. The payment of members has somewhat relieved them from the financial strain of these calls, as the salary is now available for that purpose.

Not in every case is the whole cost of an election to Parliament met by the candidate himself. The central office of the party and the local organization often provide a part of it in the case of the poorer candidates. But I should say that there are many wealthy members who spend an average of £1,000 a year upon getting and keeping a seat in Parliament.

The advent of the Labor party has provided wider opportunities for a political career. As a rule, the trade-unions

Illustrations by
Donald Mills



With the signing of the Magna Charta by King John at Runnymede in 1215 was laid the foundation of the personal liberty of the English people, an essential in a nation's development of political self-government.

which nominate candidates find the money for the local organization and the election expenses. In other cases the expenses are raised by the voluntary contributions of the supporters. The Labor party has shown that the large sums spent on an election by the older political parties are not necessary to success. In no election I ever fought did I spend more than about one-third of the expenses returned by my opponent.

Very few members of Parliament outside the Labor party make Parliament a whole-time career. They have business interests or a profession to which they devote much of their time, and from which their incomes are derived. The same may be said of many Labor members, now that the party has attracted men of wealth and position.

A man who is looking to a political career should have means beyond his modest allowance as a member of Parliament, for it is quite insufficient to support him in reasonable comfort. If he is a married man with a family and lives away from London, he cannot do it except by practicing the severest economy. It is not possible to give his children much of an education, or to place them in a profession.

The insecurity of a political career must be taken into account. It is the only profession which depends for the opportunity to practice it upon the decision of a fickle electorate. There are very few constituencies now-



Early in life these famed leaders began careers in British politics: Edmund Burke, William Pitt, Lord Palmerston, John

adays which can be regarded as "safe seats." A young man may be shaping very well in Parliament, and when the election comes, he loses his seat. If he has been relying upon his Parliamentary salary, he finds himself without means. If he has been supplementing his income by journalism or outside work of some kind, he will find his market value has declined.

A political career appears to have a special attraction for two groups: young university men and lawyers. A university training is undoubtedly an advantage to a politician, for it gives him readiness of speech, the logical mind, and the historical background for his political philosophy.

Lawyers are attracted to politics by many reasons. There is, of course, a close affinity between law and politics. Parliament is a debating chamber, and lawyers are notoriously given to argument. Also they can advertise themselves there, and it helps them in their profession.

There are many striking instances where the choice has been offered to an eminent lawyer of keeping a lucrative legal practice or accepting office in the Government, and he has chosen the latter. Mr. Asquith sacrificed a lucrative practice at the bar to devote himself to politics, and died a poor man. I know cases where lawyers have given up incomes of £30,000 to £40,000 a year to take Cabinet posts at one-eighth that sum.

THIS illustrates the fact that there is an attraction in politics far stronger than financial gain. It may be—I am sure it was so in the case of Mr. Asquith—the desire to render service to one's country; but in other cases the motivating influence was probably the distinction and honor of the political position.

Until quite recently, the idea that political services should be voluntarily rendered was generally held. It found expression in the opposition to the payment of members of Parliament. If members were paid, it was argued, it would open up a career for the plausible demagogue who was after a salary and a nice easy job. The institution of payment of members has not had that result, and the quality and character of members are, to say the least, as high as before.

Why should politics not be a profession? It is an honorable thing to practice law. It requires training to do that. Is it not so honorable to make laws as to administer them; and is it not so necessary to be trained

for politics as it is for any other important work?

The advent of the Labor party opened up the possibility of a political career to poor men of ability who were formerly excluded. The restriction by the trade-unions when selecting candidates to officials of the union narrows the choice, and seldom succeeds in getting men with a wide and genuine political knowledge. But the non-trade-union Labor candidates are selected rather for their political knowledge and work, and the result is that the average of political capacity is at least as high as that of the other parties.

The other parties have now thrown open their doors more widely, and the opportunities for a political career in the old parties for able young university men are now considerable. The main work of Parliament is now concerned with social questions, and the young Tories and Liberals are close and earnest students of these problems.

When a young man has decided upon a political career, his first step is to get in touch with the local or headquarters of the party organization. If he has means, his chance of adoption as a candidate will be all the greater. But the headquarters of the party are always on the lookout for brilliant young men, and in such cases the financial difficulties are easily overcome.

A new candidate is usually expected to "win his spurs" by first undertaking a fight in a rather hopeless constituency. He is a lucky man who enters Parliament on his first attempt. He gains electioneering experience in his first fight, and this helps him in his later contests.

In my long experience I am convinced that in electioneering, honesty is the best policy. The voters like a man to be straight, whether they agree with him or not. And if they respect him for his honesty, he is not unlikely to get their votes.

The story is told of John Stuart Mill's being asked in an election meeting if he had said the workingmen were liars. Ninety-nine candidates out of 100 would have denied it or equivocated. Instead, he replied, "Yes, and I am prepared to say it again." The audience rose as one man and cheered him to the echo.

At a general election all sorts of societies send questionnaires to the candidate. An inexperienced candidate, afraid of otherwise losing votes, answers them all in the affirmative, afterward to find, if he is successful, that he has committed himself to vote for and against innumerable measures. He might have avoided that embarrass-



Bright, Richard Cobden, Benjamin Disraeli, William Gladstone, Arthur Balfour, Herbert Asquith, Ramsay MacDonald.

ment by ignoring the questions, for however he had answered them it would not have gained him one vote.

Is it essential for a candidate to be a good speaker? Not at all. I have been beaten by an opponent who couldn't utter two consecutive sentences intelligibly. Too great fluency may be a positive disadvantage to a candidate.

It is, of course, desirable that a candidate should be able to state his views clearly and intelligently, and that is enough. I was once addressing a meeting of agricultural workers, and when the applause on my rising had died down, and before I could begin to speak, a big fellow on the front seat shouted out, "Make it plain, Mister, for we're a lot of ignorant devils."

THE most attractive quality in a politician is sincerity. It will carry a candidate to success at the polls, and will secure for him the ear of the House of Commons. I am not denying that in some cases electors are carried away by the oratory of plausible and self-seeking demagogues, but such men are usually found out in time. The House of Commons has an instinct for sizing up such characters, and never tolerates mere bounce.

Let us now suppose the honest aspirant to a Parliamentary career has passed successfully through the ordeal of a contested election. If he has a becoming modesty, he will bide his time. It is very interesting to watch how new members react to their unfamiliar surroundings. Some members seem to be quite devoid of nervousness. That is due to a natural conceit, and to ignorance of the superior qualities of many of their colleagues.

I have known new members to rush in the first day and address the House of Commons with the air of a schoolmaster lecturing a class of schoolboys. Such members have at the outset ruined their Parliamentary careers. It has been truly said that the House of Commons is always willing to be informed, but it will not tolerate being lectured.

Old members of the House still remember the case of a new member who was given the honor of moving the reply to the address. It is the tradition that on such occasions, the speaker should refrain from party controversy. But he attacked the opposition, and this was such an unpardonable offence that, though he remained in the House for many years, he never recovered from his lapse.

It is well for a new member to wait a while and listen

to the debates. He gets the atmosphere of the House and learns the methods and styles of speaking which most appeal to members. Arthur Balfour gave the advice to a young member of his party to sit through all the debates, even the intolerably dull ones, and in time he would feel he was a part of the House itself.

If a member has been endowed with the gift of fluency, he should keep a brake upon it, unless he wants to make himself an insufferable bore. He should remember that

*Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.*

When the Labor members first came into the House, that old Parliamentarian T. P. O'Connor observed that they spoke with unfaltering fluency, and he remarked that their speeches would be more effective if they introduced a few stutters and stammers.

A man who is determined to make a success of a political career must not be discouraged because success is slow in coming. It will come only as the reward of hard work and unceasing effort. Even failures should be a stimulus to perseverance. There is the well-known case of Disraeli, who broke down in his maiden speech, but threw this defiance to a jeering House: "The day will come when you will hear me!"

If a young member shows industry and capacity, he will attract the notice of his leaders, and ministerial office may reasonably be expected in time. He will begin on the bottom rung; but there he has the opportunity to climb if he makes good. We have passed out of the days when birth and social position were the passport to Cabinet office.

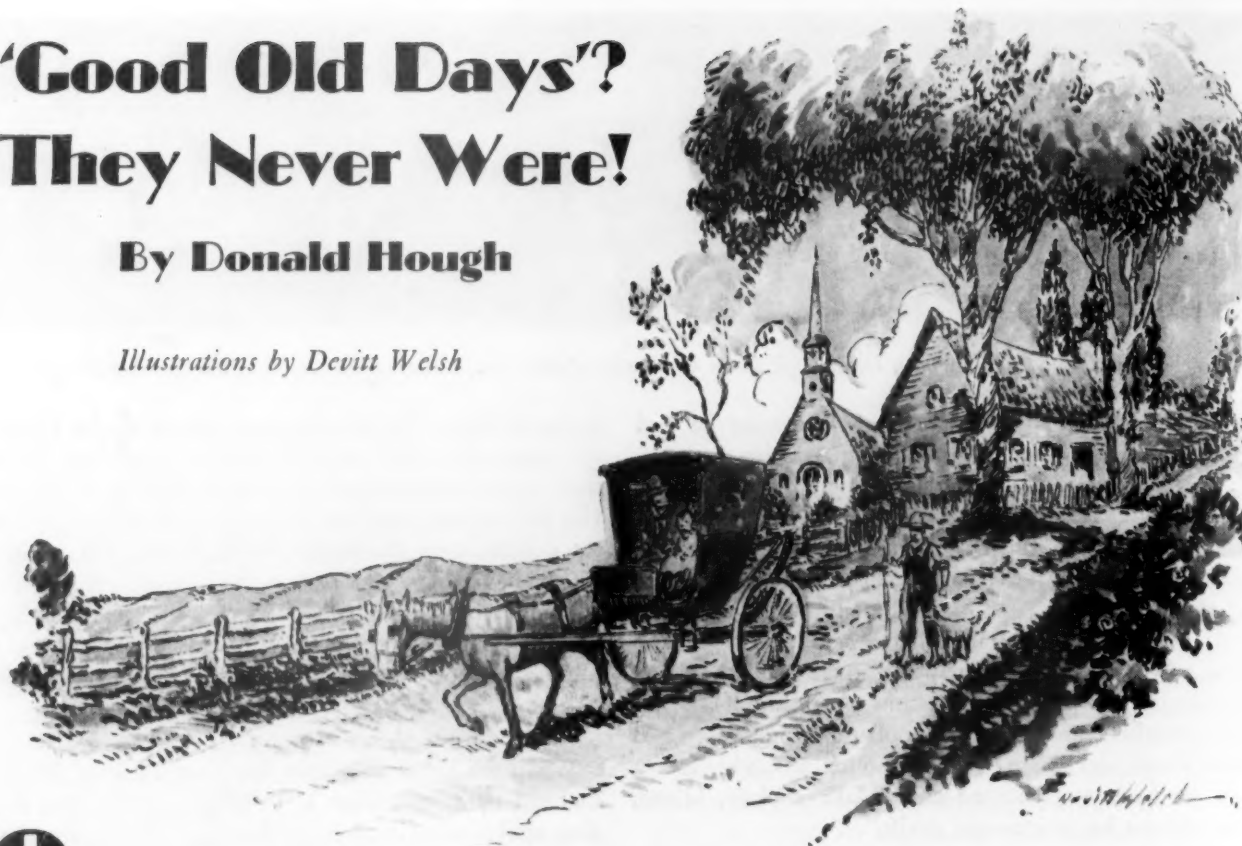
Is a political career worth following? The men who succeed and attain ministerial rank would in most cases, no doubt, say it is. These men have enjoyments and the thrill of the chase which are denied to the ordinary member. The back-bench member has, on the whole, a dull and monotonous life. He loses his individuality in the flock which obediently follows the crack of the party whip.

No man can make money out of politics, even if he attains high office. But the member of Parliament who remains a humble private member, and who conscientiously does his duty, has the consolation of knowing that he has done his country some service, even if the ambitions he once entertained of high success have ended in disappointment.

'Good Old Days'? They Never Were!

By Donald Hough

Illustrations by Devitt Welsh



ONCE I WAS hired by a newspaper to write a Sunday feature on the theme of the general moral decadence of our modern age. The idea was that I would interview the town's leading moralists—whatever they are—college professors, and others supposed to be in a position to know all about it. It was a routine feature, the kind that pops up in the assignment book of every newspaper ever so often.

I thought I would first go to the public library and study up on "background." I got plenty of it. I worked a few days on the story, and, as the saying goes, it was a sizzler. It ripped the modern tendencies up one side and down the other. Then, in the last paragraph, I told the truth. I had "lifted" the whole thing from newspapers, periodicals, and books of 100 years ago.

Which brings us up against the very simple proposition that the "Golden Age" is always in the past. Every present age is modern and decadent.

Read this one:

"The earth is degenerating in these latter days. There are signs that the world is speedily coming to an end. Bribery and corruption abound. Children no longer obey their parents. Every man wants to write a book. . . ."

Familiar? Familiar, also, to the ancient Assyrians. It was taken verbatim by Dr. Frederick C. Ferry, president of Hamilton College, in New York State, from an Assyrian tablet dated from 2800 B.C.

That the world grows better morally year by year, decade by decade, is borne out by every kind of statistic and fact. Yet it is hard to believe. Why?

The papers are full of stories of graft, racketeering,

murder, rapine, war, robbery, thievery, drunkenness, and every other conceivable human error. Domination of the papers by this sort of news is on the increase. Comparison with newspapers of former days proves it.

But right here we come up against, not a study of morals, but a study of newspapers. Whether morals have changed or not is an open question in the minds of many. Whether newspapers have changed is a matter of fact about which there can be no doubt whatever. A few decades ago, the newspaper that could cover its own town, even its own neighborhood, with any degree of adequacy was doing well. Today, even the least of the dailies demands, and gets, coverage of the news of the entire world several times a day.

For its crime news it can draw on a murder in Vienna, a robbery in Berlin, a holdup in Texas, a case of morals in Rio de Janeiro, and a defalcation or two from London, Madagascar, and Nome. The vast network that serves it not only extends into every hamlet in the civilized world, but also into its own town, its own State. News coverage is so highly organized that virtually nothing escapes it.

This is new; this is modern. Can it be possible that this intensity of coverage is made necessary by the spreading out of crime generally?

Going beyond the newspapers, if statistics gathered by police and other sources were to show that there are more murders per 1,000 of population today than there were in 1737—which they do not, by the way—would this prove that more murders per 1,000 of population actually existed? By no means. It could, but the chances

are it would indicate a vast improvement in the methods of gathering statistics.

So go ahead, if you want to, and pine for the days of yesteryear, when the papers were not full of crime news and everything was lovely—and not any of your women-folk would feel safe outdoors alone after dusk, and the common voter had to carry a cudgel, and you travelled overland with a rifle across your knees. You can have it!

Most of the pining, however, is done, not on the side of the morals of yesterday, but on the side of general living. Nobody can persuade my father, for example, that the apples of today are as sweet as those he ate when a boy; all grownups know that the snow does not lie so deep on the fields and streets nowadays. Large quantities of nostalgia are being wasted on the passing of the one-horse shay, the vine-covered cottage or the cabin in the clearing, the mittens with the strings, the woodbox in the kitchen, the Saturday-night bath in the washtub hard by the red-hot kitchen stove, and other symbols of the sturdy, pure, simple American life which existed before everything went synthetic.

Consider this for a minute. Columnists, cartoonists, writers, speakers over the radio, and other personalities who address the world do most of this headshaking over the modern tendency toward city life and synthetic joys. Many of these folk were born in small towns or in the country. Somehow or other they gravitated to the city, where they've been for years—surrounded by apartment houses, hotels, carbon monoxide, motion-picture palaces, and \$2 meals.

Here their imagination breaks down, and they think they are looking at the world from their office windows.



Where are all the things that used to be? They have gone! The world once made up of cookie jars and Saturday-night trips to town and hay-rack parties is now made up of stone and concrete and automobiles.

So our cartoonist or columnist lays about him lustily, crying for a return to the old days—or at least lamenting their passing. But I can tell him where they are. They are just beyond the Empire State Building.

The poor fellow is but thinking of his youth: he is pining for it; it fills him with a fine nostalgic glow—he was happier, perhaps, in those old days. He and his friends lived in homes with gardens in the back yards; there were piles of wood in the shed, and the Spring air carried odors other than those from automobile exhausts and factory smokestacks.

WHY, he wonders, do all people, these days, live in three-room kitchenette apartments and get much of their food at the corner delicatessen? It wasn't that way in the good old days! So he takes his pen and slashes wildly about him, asking, "Where has it all gone?"

The answer is very simple: he is the one who has gone. Would he like to go back to the old days he depicts with his nostalgic pen? Well, I can fix him up. I can go further than that. If he goes back beyond his youth, and is one of those who speak in reverent tones of the passing of the rugged American spirit which laid the cornerstone of the nation's greatness, I can give him plenty of this.

Here are a few statements which I have no way of proving, and which I make without authority of any kind. Take them or leave them—they are the result of my own convictions:

There are more log cabins in America today than there ever were before.

Wood ranges are being manufactured, sold, and used in greater quantities today than they were 60 years ago.

There are more people living on frontiers today in the United States than lived on frontiers when my father was a youth.

Now I will quit guessing. Here is what I know: I can send you to any number of North American communities to live where you will find no trains, where you will find no bathrooms, where the woodboxes are as large and as hungry as ever, where life is lived, excepting only for the use of automobiles and the radio, just as it was during the lamented youth of the aforesaid cartoonists or

"The earth is degenerating . . . children no longer obey parents . . ." complained an Assyrian moralist some 4,700 years ago.

columnists or writers, or during your own youth, or the youth of anybody else who thinks everything has gone to the dogs.

In the West alone, hundreds of covered wagons last Winter traversed the frozen mountain passes with smoke belching from their chimney smokestacks. The forests rang with the sound of thousands of axes and the towns shrieked with the impact of saw on frozen wood, and sturdy horses pulled bobsleds in which children were taken to school, in which the doctor made his rounds, in which the young cowboy treated his Sunday girl to a trip to the dance.

The automobile and the railroad and the airplane have not only tamed the frontiers; they have extended them. There are more frontiers than ever; there are more small towns in America as of 1938 than there were as of 1838, or as of 1898. The frontiers, as we ordinarily think of them, were mighty small. Up along the Ohio River, a thin line into the vast West—small population, millions of miles uninhabited, not even frontiers. They are still opening up. The country is not settled. There is plenty of room for everybody.

But the suspicion lurks that those who regret the passing of the old days, do most of their regretting in terms of other people. We don't want any part of it.

The age-old adage that man changes, while time pushes on, is nowhere more clearly evidenced than in our ideas about food. The human stomach is one of the first parts of the anatomy to wear out. That is why my father is so sure that the apples of today cannot be compared with the apples he knew in his youth. Neither can the pies, nor the bread, nor the cakes, nor, for that matter, the lamb chops. How the lamb chops have

changed! They don't have the same old flavor any more.

Mother's cooking down on the farm when we were kids—and, for that matter, all country cooking, now as then—constitutes one of the more persistent of the "good old days" myths. Certainly the average man today of some 50 years, living in the city, has every right to declare that he does not get the enjoyment out of his meals that he once did. It would be funny if he did.

He is looking back to the days when he could digest even an old shoe, and doubtless did digest plenty of "plain cooking" that would stop him cold today. An empty stomach, an empty stomach of a boy, has no conscience. It gets away with grub that would founder the grown-up boy today.

There may have been some wonderful cooks among our mothers—there must have been. But not every mother could have been such a cook; surely good cooks did not sprout in every home in the old days. Yet the yearning for mother's food is well nigh universal.

COOKING is one of America's newest arts. In the old days everybody was so busy garnering the raw materials for supper, and so busy burning up the food consumed, that there was neither demand for good cooking nor time in which to enjoy it. The frying pan for many decades was the *pièce de résistance* of the American kitchen, and its near competitor was the boiling pot. Cooking does not flourish today in the rural districts. Anybody with any honesty about him who has any occasion to sample it will so testify.

The best cooking is found, not in years past, but today; not back on the nostalgic farm, but in the chain restaurant. The appetites? That's a different question.

Men change, but time goes on. Tests prove that the apple of today is a better apple than that of 50 years ago. The Weather Bureau finds that over a period of 50 years there has been a change of a small fraction of one degree in the mean temperature of a certain small area in the Southeastern part of the United States, otherwise all is the same as before. The snow lies just as deep, the Winters are just as cold, the Summers are just as hot—or vice versa.

The human being, in his civilization, advances. He does not go back. There are not so many wars, the private citizen does not have to arm, women go out at night—and how!—burning of witches has stopped.

Not all the people in America live in three-room kitchenette apartments, most politicians are honest, the average policemen cannot be bought, the country is full of log cabins, harness makers still flourish, the American home is full of young people who *really do* know more than their elders, money as a barometer of human worth is losing its grip, the cooking is getting better, people live longer, the whole history of man still can be summed up in the one short word: advance.

The "good old days"? Which ones?

More log cabins are in use today in the United States and Canada than ever before—or the author is wrong.



The School That Goes to School

By Selma Robinson

IF THE walls of a huge building in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, could be let down, doll-house fashion, you would see an apprentice and continuation school in which 20,000 students learn jobs by doing them: young carpenters putting handrails on real stairs, bricklayers in white duck constructing a real wall, clerks making out sales checks in what might be a real department store, customers getting shampoos in a chromium beauty parlor.

In every detail these classes attempt to duplicate the conditions, tools, even the vocabulary of the working world, so that when the course is complete, there is no chasm left to bridge between the school and the job. Small wonder that thousands of its graduates find immediate jobs. Small wonder, too, that the Milwaukee Vocational School has become a Mecca for educators, social workers, economists, and laymen. Every year visitors from remote and near places pass through its doors to see for themselves how this school functions and to carry back ideas to apply in their own cities.

As the largest in the United States and one of the most progressive, the Milwaukee Vocational School teaches 105 separate trades and offers over 500 courses with a staff of nearly 300 full-time instructors in the daytime and nearly 400 at night. For over 25 years it has been controlled by the principle that the needs of the community and students shall determine the curriculum.

This principle, of course, has found broad application elsewhere. In Minneapolis, Minnesota, where railroads and flour mills form the chief industries, the Dunwoody Institute does a splendid job of equipping its students for the work in flour mills and on the railroad. Likewise, the Frank Wiggins Trade School conducts comprehensive courses for young men who want to become superintendents of Los Angeles, California, apartment houses or managers of hotels. In the Essex County Vocational School, Newark, New Jersey, boys receive intensive chain-store training in a faithful replica of a branch grocery. In important trade schools all over the United States, new inventions like the Diesel engine, almost as soon as they have been accepted as a part of modern industry, are followed by courses of instruction.

But if the Milwaukee School is no longer unique, it has served to inspire other schools with its willingness to "learn Johnny" as well as to teach him, to learn what Johnny's life is like and what he will need to make it smoother. In spite of its 6½-million-dollar plant and its amazing range of courses, there is something intimate about the School. It shows itself in the parent-like concern of the teachers over the welfare of their pupils. Each teacher is in effect a vocational counsellor, competent to guide and advise. Before a student is assigned to certain classes, he is interviewed in order to find out

Young people — and old—learn by doing at the Milwaukee, Wis., Vocational School, in which bricklaying is but one of the 105 trades taught.



Photo: Milwaukee Journal

whether or not his decision has been made intelligently.

For the student who does not know what course to take, there are tryout shops representing nine major fields of employment. He opens a door and finds himself in an automobile shop; another, and he is in a foundry; a third, and he finds a butcher shop or a printing shop. He spends ten weeks sampling every aspect of his chosen occupation and saves himself years of drifting unhappily from job to job. These trade-finding courses are intended solely as guidance, not as job instruction; completing them does not mean that the student is qualified for work, but only that he knows what he wants to study and is ready for specific training.

An almost total absence of textbooks further carries out the School's plan for an adjustable curriculum. Lesson material prepared by the teacher appears in mimeo-

graphed or printed leaflets. Over 300,000 stencils are in active use, filled with living, contemporaneous stuff. The lesson plans are succinct and practical. Bulletins on consumer education, printed or mimeographed in the School itself by students of printing and mimeographing, show how to distinguish between quality and imitation. Material is constantly edited and revised, discarded and replaced, to meet changing industrial conditions.

Any teacher with an idea for improving his course is encouraged to use it. Thus a model four-room apartment was born when the instructors sought a more concrete method to teach the business of running a home. This apartment is so complete that a young couple could start living in it and find every necessity, from clean towels in the bathrooms to ivy growing in white pots. There are good pictures; simple, well-designed furniture; a variety of electric equipment; closets stocked with linens and china and bright utensils. Nothing has been omitted, not even a front doorbell and a vestibule through which visitors enter so that the students may get practice in greeting callers.

Open to boys as well as to girls, classes in homemaking emphasize the mutual responsibility of man and wife. Boys are taught simple cooking, girls learn how to do those little jobs that are usually left for the man of the family: patching plaster walls, replacing a fuse, repairing an electric iron, and so on. When table manners are taught, it is around a real dining table. The young men learn how to cope with simple legal problems like drawing up a will, the young women learn how to buy intelligently and economically. Both learn budgeting and etiquette.

The apprentices' division of the School has attracted educators from all parts of the world. In Wisconsin the apprentice relationship is governed by contract, stipulating the hours and wages. There are nearly 1,200 apprentices who spend eight hours a week in school, paid, usually on a graduated scale, for the time they attend. Both the School and the employer assume responsibility for training them. Fifty different trades are open to apprentices.

IN the evening school, most of the students are mature—some of them parents who attend school with their children. Husbands and wives are to be found taking classes in home management and social relations. Women from all classes of society study the fine points of artcraft, cooking, and interior decoration. There are 12,000 evening students and a waiting list of 1,500.

Every vocational school of any standing today views with increasing respect those intangible qualities of personality so important in holding down a job. At the Milwaukee School every pupil must devote part of his time to neatness, politeness, and careful speech. Boys and girls are urged to make frequent use of the "slick-up rooms." Last year more than 19,000 did. Here are laundry tubs and dry-cleaning machines where the student may remove soil; needles and thread for mending; shoeshine kits, and ironing boards, and full-length triple

mirrors for observing the results of neatness. The boys' service room adjoins the tailoring class and, as in the shoe-repair and barbering courses, the would-be tailor presses for practice the trousers of his fellow student.

Constructive use of leisure is one of the School's major duties. Each student under 18 is required to devote 90 minutes a week to special interest or hobby courses designed to enrich his life. There is a travel club that studies travel books, timetables, and movies. There is a garden club and a roof garden where it meets to discuss seeds and sprays; a glass-blowing club; a model-airplane club; a Nature-study club; a band; and a glee club. Any student with an interest not represented in the over 40 groups may request it and a new club will be organized.

HERE as elsewhere what students learn is related to what they are doing or will do outside. For example, the art-appreciation class is concerned with such pertinent things as the hanging of pictures, pleasant furniture arrangements, the city's parks and drives, fabrics for curtains and furniture, and, for the boys, selection of becoming ties and shirts. Not that the School is indifferent to art in the more orthodox sense. Corridors are lined with reproductions of masterpieces, and typewritten notes on their history. Fine paintings hang on the walls of the cafeterias and in the assembly. But no attempt is made to force an appreciation of them.

The Milwaukee Vocational School is municipally maintained with some State and Federal support. Courses, cultural and practical, on all levels, are free to residents of Milwaukee, which has been supporting the institution generously through a 1½-mill tax on the assessed valuation of the city. On the School's board of directors are the superintendent of schools and four other members—the head of a huge industrial plant, a businessman, a patternmaker, and a sheet-metal worker.

Head of the School is a benign, busy man in his 60's, Robert L. Cooley, director since its inception. Mr. Cooley has humorous eyes and a fighting spirit. It is his philosophy which imbues every one of the hundreds of instructors. His feeling of responsibility extends even to those who should but cannot come to school because of physical or economic reasons, and to them go visiting teachers with books, budgets, and lesson plans.

If you ask Mr. Cooley to name the School's most successful graduate, he will not give you so obvious an example as a bank president, but a young girl who spent only two years in the School. She came from a home of unbelievable squalor; her father was an alcoholic, her mother ignorant and incompetent. When she was but 14, she was sent to the School by truant officers. Before she was 16, she was married. In those two years, however, she learned her lessons well, and now, not yet 20, she runs her home so cheerfully and efficiently that out of her young husband's \$26 weekly salary, she has managed wholesome food, life insurance, a nest egg, and a spotless, artistic home. Her two children are fat, jolly youngsters, and if you doubt it, Mr. Cooley will produce a picture of them to prove it.

The Miracle of the Iron Lung

By Tom Mahoney



A HARVARD UNIVERSITY senior named Barrett Hoyt awoke September 8, 1929, with a headache. His neck was slightly stiff and he had a little fever. Two days later he complained of weakness in his left arm and leg. A sample of the 21-year-old boy's spinal fluid confirmed the belief of young Hoyt's doctors that he was suffering from infantile paralysis.

Despite serum injections, he grew steadily worse. The weakness of his arms and legs increased. Breathing became difficult. On the fourth day, chest-wall muscles were paralyzed and Hoyt was breathing only by the movement of his diaphragm. The fifth day, this became less and less. His neck muscles stood out with each difficult gasp for breath. Except for a helpless fumbling of his hands, Hoyt was paralyzed from the neck down. Death seemed but a matter of minutes.

At this point, an eventful moment for science, someone thought of a strange machine on which Philip Drinker, associate professor of industrial hygiene, had been working many months in the Harvard University School of Public Health laboratory—a metal cylinder designed to enclose all but a person's head, and to provide prolonged artificial respiration by variations in air pressure produced by an electric pump. Although it had functioned successfully with animals, it had failed to save

"Lungs" for four patients (left) or for one (above) have saved more than 1,000 lives since 1929. Respiration is produced by variations in the air pressure.

the life of its first human patient, an 8-year-old girl.

But with young Hoyt so near death, his physicians were glad to grasp at anything with the slightest promise. They rushed him to a Boston hospital and placed him in a Drinker respirator. The boy lay on a mattress with his head outside and his body inside a tank in which the air pressure was alternately lowered and raised by a noisy blower pump.

As the machine began to function, Hoyt relaxed. The strained look left his face and he slept. When he was removed from the machine the next morning, he begged to be put back. Breathing was such an effort that doctors agreed that he could not live without the aid of the respirator. The doctors therefore devised means of feeding, bathing, and caring for him in it.

For four weeks, Hoyt lived constantly in the respirator. Gradually he regained the use of his lungs, but for six weeks more spent two hours a day in the respirator. His breathing normal, he left the hospital on December 3, resumed his education, was graduated from Harvard, and today is a healthy Boston businessman. He had

been saved from death, in a manner that nobody had ever been saved before, by the marvellous action of the "iron lung."

Since then the iron lung has saved more than 1,000 lives. It has proved of value in certain cases of diphtheria, carbon-monoxide poisoning, heart disease, drowning, drug poisoning, and alcoholic coma, and has been particularly successful in starting the breath of life for newborn babies. These applications quickly followed the birth of the iron lung less than a decade ago.

This was not the result of chance, but the product of modern university research. In 1928, Professor Drinker, a chemical engineer, was given funds by the Consolidated Gas Company of New York for research on pneumatic life-saving machines. Emergency crews of this company at that time were called on to revive most of the New Yorkers who suddenly stopped breathing because of gas, drowning, or illness. They were acutely aware of the limitations of the pulmotor and the Schaefer method of resuscitation. Neither could be employed for a long time, for patients resisted the pulmotor and all masklike devices. The Schaefer method, excellent as it was and is for brief emergencies, was dependent for success largely upon the skill of the person applying it.

DRINKER set out to overcome these objections. He wanted a device which would be capable of working steadily over a long period, which would be adaptable to persons of varying sizes and ages, in which the rate of respiration could be controlled, and, most important, which would produce ample artificial respiration without discomfort to the patient.

With the help of Louis A. Shaw, another member of Harvard's faculty, Drinker devised the iron lung from parts costing about \$2,500. Sixty cats were given respiratory paralysis by injections of curare, a drug used by South American Indians for poisoning arrows. The behavior of the cats in the machine indicated that it fulfilled all requirements. Later less costly models reduced the noise, permitted different rates of respiration, allowed greater ease in handling the patient, and provided a hand lever with which the machine could be kept operating should electric power fail. In the Children's Hospital in Boston is now a unique four-patient iron lung big enough to allow attending nurses and doctors inside the metal chamber.

In 1929, one of the Drinker devices was set up in Bellevue Hospital in New York. It saved the life of a young woman accidentally poisoned by a drug. Thus encouraged, the Consolidated Gas Company placed 14 of the machines in hospitals of Greater New York.

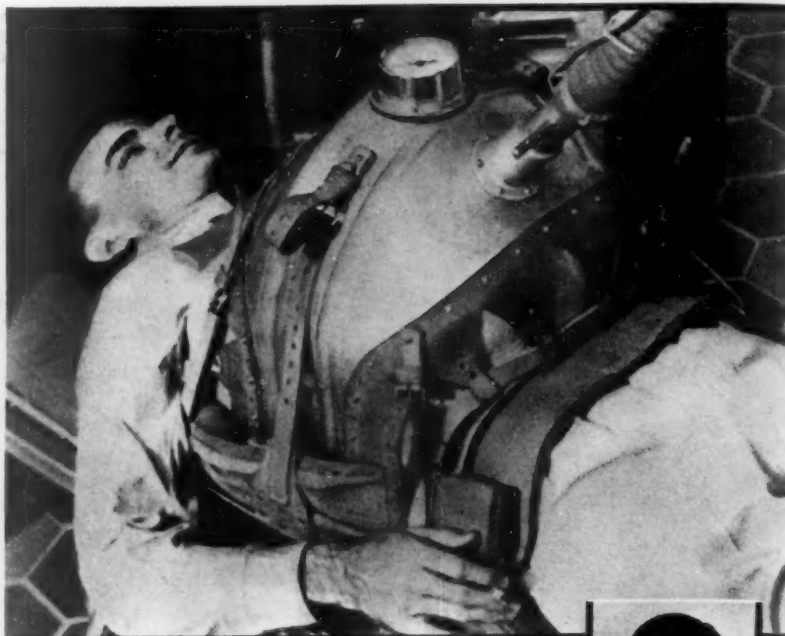


Photo: Acme

Typical of chest-covering "lungs" is this one of Swedish design (above), which permits unrestricted movement of arms and legs . . . Louis A. Shaw (right), co-inventor of Drinker respirator.



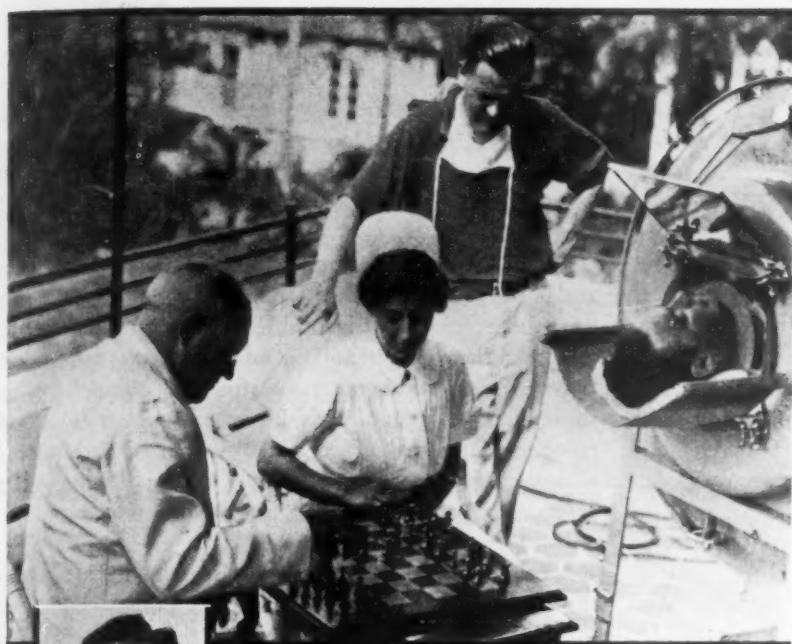
In 1930, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and other medical publications began publishing calm, technical accounts of lives saved by the iron lung.

One of the first of these was a report of five newborn babies who could not be induced to breathe by usual methods. All five were kept alive by a small, improved Drinker respirator until they began to breathe naturally. As the combined stillbirths and neonatal deaths in the United States due to respiratory complications have been as high as 150,000 a year, a wide field was opened for the iron lung. Special infant sizes, equipped with electric heating apparatus to permit their use as incubators, were soon in use. Today there are more infant than adult iron lungs in service.

In 1931, an epidemic of infantile paralysis swept New England and New York, with 4,138 cases in the metropolis alone. As long as paralysis affected only the chest or the diaphragm of a patient and his lung passages were open, the iron lung could usually save him.

If the paralysis were of the bulbar type, however, and attacking the very heart of the respiratory nervous system in the medulla oblongata, or the patient's lung passages were, or became, clogged, the machine's chances were much less. Often it could only make death less painful. Some cases of clogged air passages might have been saved if they had reached an iron lung sooner. Even now only one hospital in 25 has an iron lung and in 1931 the devices were few and busy.

For example, with but one Drinker respirator, the first west of Chicago, a San Francisco hospital had to decide in 1930 whether to save a man or a woman. Both had



Photos: Acme

Through a mirror above his face, Frederick B. Snite, Jr., directs moves in a chess game (above) with his father . . . Philip Drinker (left), "lung" inventor and pioneer in respirator development.



infantile paralysis. As the case of the man, a husband and father, was under control and that of the

woman was not, he was left in the respirator and lived. Many California hospitals have since added respirators.

Most patients benefited by the iron lung begin to regain their breathing ability in a few days, but there have been notable exceptions. The case of 27-year-old Frederick B. Snite, Jr., of Chicago, is well known. He was stricken with infantile paralysis of the acute respiratory type while in Peiping, China, on a world tour with his parents and sister. Had he been stricken anywhere else in that part of the world, he would have died, for the Peiping Union Medical College Hospital, supported by the Rockefeller Foundation, had the only iron lung in China. Snite was placed in it March 30, 1936.

SINCE he has lived continuously in iron lungs, part of the time en route by train, ship, and truck from Peiping to Chicago. Meticulous arrangements were made for the 9,300-mile trip at a cost of \$50,000. In addition to his family, young Snite was accompanied home by doctors, Chinese nurses, and other attendants. He can now remain outside the big iron lung for 23 minutes at a time, and can breath comfortably for two hours daily in a smaller iron lung which covers only his chest.

As tedious as his case has been, Snite does not hold the record for residence in an iron lung. Available records indicate that this distinction belongs to Birdsall Sweet, of Beacon, New York. He has been using an iron lung at the Vassar Hospital in Poughkeepsie, New York, since September, 1931, a matter of nearly seven years. He contracted infantile paralysis at the age of 13 during the

1931 epidemic. At first he remained in the respirator 24 hours a day. Later he recovered enough to remain out of the iron lung for increasing intervals and, since 1935, he has used it only while sleeping.

While Americans permit, and even encourage, men to make fortunes out of death-dealing things, many believe that there should be no profits on life-giving devices. In the face of criticism from such persons, Drinker renounced his royalties before many machines had been sold. Nor was the path of his manufacturer untroubled. On the basis of the Drinker patents, the manufacturer brought an infringement suit against another firm which had begun to make iron lungs, only to have Federal courts decide that two of the three patents were invalid and that the iron lung was only an assembly of mechanical principles, some of which had been known as early as 1876.

Now 44 years old, Drinker is still a modest member of the Harvard fac-

ulty. He is still studying the mysteries of respiration, air conditioning, and dust removal just as he did at Princeton and Lehigh before going to Harvard in 1919. Great industries send him ventilation problems and he has been awarded a professorship, but his name is still missing from *Who's Who in America*.

In the field of science, where men vie for lasting honor rather than momentary acclaim, Professor Drinker has fared better. In 1931, he and Professor Shaw shared a \$1,000 award and received John Scott medals from the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia—presented for inventions "most conducive to the comfort, welfare, and happiness of man." This placed the iron lung on a level with the achievements of Edison, Madame Curie, and Marconi, earlier recipients of John Scott medals.

Professor Drinker's respirator has won him wide publicity in the technical and medical press, but his modesty has kept him from receiving much of the honor which is his due. The author of a book on infantile paralysis published in 1935 praised the iron lung highly, but said it was invented by Professor Drinker's brother, Cecil, a physician and the dean and professor of physiology at the Harvard University School of Public Health.

There is ample honor, however, for Professor Drinker and his assistants in the declining death figures for infantile paralysis. As high as 38 percent of those stricken died in New York City epidemics before the introduction of the iron lung. In 1931, the New York mortality of those stricken was but 12 percent. In a more recent and less severe Los Angeles epidemic, only 5 percent died. Recent epidemics (except 1937) have been mild and many factors have helped lower the death toll, but one of the greatest has been Philip Drinker's ponderous iron lung.

My Friends, Carlton and Helen

By Farnsworth Crowder

WHEN the day arrives, if ever, and the commission is appointed to close the ledgers on the Great Depression and draw up a balance sheet for submission to History, I shall beg leave to submit one item for entry in the black columns. His name is Carlton Sheldon. What adversity has done for him would please the tougher breed of moralists who insist that life is Good for us when it musters our Spartan resources and makes us, not happy, but resolute and intense.

When I journeyed to the big town last Summer for the first time in six years, I did not even intend to look him up. Somehow he got in touch with me and asked me out. A West Side address. I knew the miserable neighborhood from reporting days and the very hammer and squalor and reek of it seemed to come over the telephone circuit. I am ashamed of my nicety, for I didn't want to go. Meeting whipped men, whose great promise had fizzled out, had been embarrassing. They looked not at you, but away, strangely, stare-eyed, or tried to fool you—and themselves—with transparent bluff. Their faces, in composite, were the faces of a shaken, haunted, disillusioned world; Carl Sheldon would add another fragment to the dreary portrait.

However, on the appointed afternoon, I found myself on a bus top, riding down the elegant Drive that had been his street, looking up at the vain facade of the sumptuous apartment house where he had lived overlooking the Lake Front. Downtown, I had to wait for a surface car across the corner from the enormous office pile where he had been a Rising Young Executive. I let myself remember him—a confident, earnest romanticist of the Kingdom of Business, hitting a stride that coined money and enabled him to see in his mirror a facsimile of his expectations.

Then he had tumbled, gone down in the collapse of a firm rotted at its base. Remembering how positive and innocent had been his faith in his star, I thought how violent must have seemed his fall. Worse than to strip a man of job, fortune, and career is to strip him of his confidence in a way of life and the values that support it. With his superiors he had been held to a grand jury on suspicions of fraud. He had been released, cleared. How he had lived since then, since 1931, I was now to learn.

The streetcar came. It rumbled west—away from the brisk metropolitan air, the youthful tempo, away from glamorous shops and limousines, away from the smart women, the pressed, well-scrubbed, confident-looking men—away from the only scene to which Sheldon seemed native into the gray, mean, dingy back yard of the city.

The old red-brick house, huddled about by tenements, stood in a barren street in a suburban industrial neighbor-

hood. I hesitated. How, in the face of so dramatic a change, could I go in there and conduct myself at all naturally, disguising shock, pity, and embarrassment? I wanted to flee.

But Carlton spied me and came out. He took my arm and showed me in. Helen, his wife, was there. I met their three children. I went through that amazing house. We sat in their garden and talked. And I was astounded. For there was no shame, no furtiveness, no apology, no slightest occasion for pity. Here was a man who had come to terms with life, not because he had surrendered and relaxed, but because he had achieved somehow a certain temper and outlook and solidarity superior to either victory or defeat.

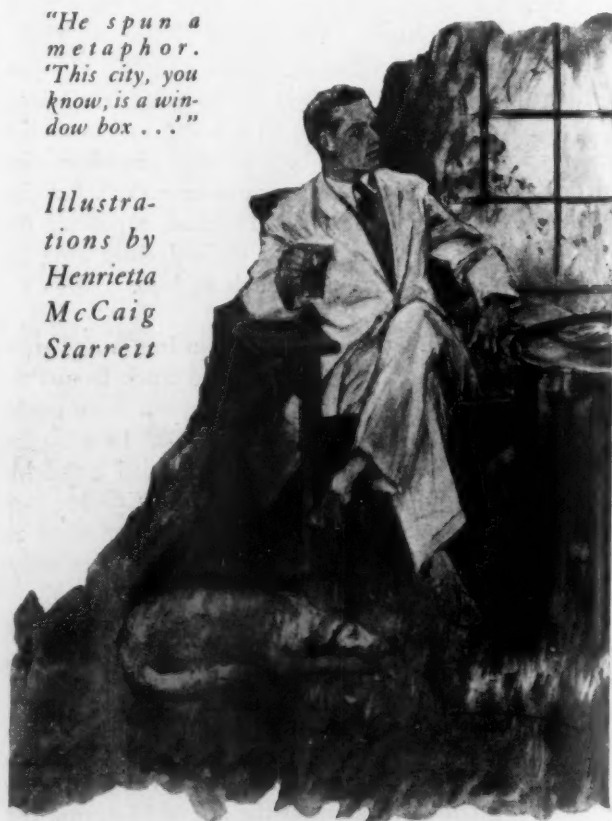
Naturally, I became enormously curious to know everything about them. By what stratagems had they lived? How had they come by this house, this neighborhood? What was Carlton doing? What were his prospects? What was the secret of his strange serenity? . . .

"So they stripped me naked and pushed me down a steep place into the sea and I found I couldn't swim. I was in a panic. I was flabby. I had shrivelled up into an anemic weakling inside my gold-plated armor. I wasn't in condition. I hadn't the guts. I couldn't take it.

"But I didn't sink. For months I was burned up with a fever of hate. And why not? Why not hate the superiors who had let me down by being so greedy that

*"He spun a metaphor.
This city, you know, is a window box . . ."*

*Illustrations by
Henrietta
McCaig
Starrett*



they couldn't help being crooked and then had tried to implicate me in their own frauds? Why not hate all those teachers—from parents and commencement orators to professors and statesmen—who had led me to believe that a certain material way of life was worth the candle? Why not damn an economic setup and a governmental system which, after working up whole nations into a lather with boasts and political-campaign promises of everlasting prosperity, had turned on millions of men and impoverished them and had let them go on, year after year, under the agony of their poverty and worry?

"Hate, I can assure you, is a great pleasure. Right now—who isn't indulging? The Left hating the Right, and the Right reciprocating. The Haves and the Have-nots hating each other. The Ins hating the Outs. Citizens hating their Governments. We're a lot more interested

in crucifying our enemies than in the reestablishment of freedom and democracy and security. Hate was poison in my veins. It's poison to anyone. All it leaves is tombstones and lost causes and tyranny."

Carlton Sheldon's hatred of hate is his one strong negative passion. That it is not mere wordage is demonstrated by what he has done.

THE Sheldons are not pretentious; they do not claim that their way is best for everybody or even for anybody else. They are not trying to stage an object lesson for a befuddled world. Quite the contrary; one of the most significant things about their way is that it is their own, an assertion of individualism in defiance of those benumbing giant abstractions: "standardization" and "collectivism." The Sheldons' way encompasses uniqueness and pioneering; it falls within Leon Whipple's definition of democracy as "an association for making experiments with voluntary consent, step by step, taking unknown risks, but with the use of creative intelligence and the faith that enhanced personality and life more abundant are the only aims society can have."

Carlton's first statement of the situation was far simpler. "We were pitched into this. Here we landed, upside-down on the humus heap. Withered flowers. That's all."

But of course it isn't all. For Carlton has employment now—as a factory personnel manager. He could take his family to another section of the city and live otherwise. But he doesn't. "It's just a case," he says simply, "of somebody being needed here."

He spun a metaphor. "This city, you know, is a window box, with the blooms coming out by the Lake Front, while the roots that feed them strike back into the dirt and the dark. Of course, in any plant there is a vital exchange up and down the stalks—but nobody really yearns to be a root. Every cell is panting for the chance to crawl up and live on the swank edge of a pretty petal.

"Well, we Sheldons had climbed up to flowery levels when the wind whipped us off and landed us back here in this neighborhood—where life, take it from me, is lived close to the bone. This house was my last scrap of property. We had to come down to it. No furniture, no stove, no beds, nothing. For six cold months of 1931, we slept in a huddle on two old mattresses on the floor. We thawed out fingers and cooked our meals over a kerosene burner. Was it so awful? Only relatively. My great-grandfather lived to be 86, sleeping on straw ticks on bare ground under thatch, cooking over wood.

"Mind, I hold no brief for grandfathers or for poverty; but being here, so close to the roots of life that you feel them, hear them stir, smell them in your nostrils, has been good for me. I had my day jiggling on a stem in the sun. I'm not sore any more about having lost out. I'm glad I had that angle on things. Now, I'm glad to be getting this other."

"This other"—what, I wondered, did it come to?

For one thing, Carlton has become profoundly a responsible being, which has involved taking his measure of blame for what happened to himself and the world



"He contributes weekly ten hours of manual labor to the gardens."



and then assuming his share of the burden of reconstruction. Didn't he believe, with everybody, that what is ultimately worth while is a thousand a month, fifth-row seats on the aisle, a tenth-floor apartment on the Drive, tailored shirts, limousines, and vacations on the Mediterranean? He did. Didn't he give his hearty amen to the prevailing materialistic values and do his energetic bit in building a society based upon them? He did. So did we all. And now that the ship falters and the course is confused, what kind of sailors are we to grow hateful and mutinous? Aren't we in this world together, terribly together? That is Carlton's feeling.

He told me of attending two recent meetings—disgruntled unemployed raging at the administration of relief; disgruntled manufacturers raging at the slimness of governmental subsidies. "Both crowds," he admitted, "had their grievances, but what depressed me was that both crowds wanted a scapegoat—an unconscious admission, I firmly believe, of impotence and irresponsibility."

That Carlton believes it, and firmly, you may judge from the fact that he was the organizer and is still the vital spirit in a self-help council of unemployed which, for three years, kept from 30 to 70 families off the dole.

Another thing. Carlton has discovered people. "The Workers, the Reds, the Capitalists, the Bankers," he asks, "what are they?—four big worms with millions of legs all exactly alike? Nothing of the sort. They are people, with their special quirks and troubles and vanities. They're around here, in these tenements, so thick they get in your way, into your hair, on your nerves.

"I'm no humanitarian with a big sympathetic sob hurt-

ing my tonsils. But I've found that you can't understand human beings by lumping them as if they were so many ants in a hill or bees in a hive. I'm against this tyranny of capital letters; it corrupts our thinking. *Society* ought to be spelled f-o-l-k-s or, better yet, pronounced Tom, the delicatessen man who worships millionaires; Dick, the war-gassed machinist who corresponds with a professor; and Harry, the tattooed boiler inspector who collects movie-queen autographs."

The red-brick Sheldon residence has become a curious sort of social settlement house, not out of deliberate intention, but naturally, because troubled people have found help and sympathy there, given without formality or condescension. The adventures of Carl and Helen Sheldon among neighbors would crowd a book with human stuff to delight a Dickens.

It was finding men so much more engrossing than dealing with the symbols of commerce and finance that showed Carlton his way into personnel work. It began with his organization of the self-help council, which brought him to the attention of a factory owner who put him on his pay roll. A year's apprenticeship under the reigning employment and personnel manager landed him in that gentleman's shoes and he likes the fit of them.

Yet another point. With necessity cracking a whip about their ears, the Sheldons learned something of the difference between making a living and earning one. To earn is inevitably the 20th Century way: it involves having a job and, with the money earned, purchasing the means of life. Making a living means trying, literally, to produce the means of life. A balanced existence for the Sheldons requires intermixing the two methods.

"IT'S astonishing how many things a fellow can do for himself," Carlton said; "how many things he can make that he can't afford to buy—and the making keeps him in touch with the fun and the exasperation of craftsmanship. It's more fun to make a footstool than to buy a chaise longue—though I've made the chaise longue. It's more fun to buy a 75-cent secondhand book and rebind it yourself than buy the same text in \$15 leather—especially if you can't afford the leather article anyhow."

The making was at first a desperate expedient. Instead of agitating for handouts, Carlton did the possible. Between odd jobs rustled here and there, he started making crude furniture out of scrap lumber. He worked off the price of a load of used bricks and some sacks of cement. With a borrowed truck, he carted sand and scrap iron from the river bed and built a fireplace into the house. Out of the 20- by 50-foot back yard, he developed one of the most pleasing courtyard gardens I have ever seen. The first venture of his self-help council was to cultivate 15 acres of vacant-lot truck gardens.

Necessity has relaxed her flogging, but the Sheldons continue to produce. On the looms at the council's workroom, Helen has woven drape, upholstery, and rug materials. With better equipment and skill, Carlton is furnishing their home with superb pieces of cabinet work. He still not only oversees but contributes his

weekly ten hours of manual labor to the truck gardens and receives his quota of the produce.

Changed, too, of necessity, were the Sheldons' recreational activities. A patron of locker rooms, golf links, club lounges, ball games, girl shows, and ocean liners, Carlton was suddenly minus the funds to command these things. "It was an exciting life," he grants, "a kind of hotel existence on a grand scale. Some of it I miss. But there were flaws. I did so many silly or empty things simply because they were done by my crowd, or because it was ultra-ultra to do them, or because I had to escape, get away from my own hollowness."

WHEN recreation can't be bought, when you can't afford to pay professionals to entertain you, you either mope and feel sorry for yourself or you find ways to entertain yourself. You become a performer. You find an accordion-pumping neighbor who loans you a cast-off instrument and teaches you to play. Carlton did that.

He reads more. He goes to the zoo or into the country with his children. For his old passion for mechanized movement, he has substituted much walking and lingering and looking. He may perhaps greatly miss Mayfair and Palm Beach and the Riviera, but he is more than content now to vacation in his own hinterland, getting into his blood the feel of his own country, not as a nation, but as people, a place, a destiny.

When all material resources failed, the Sheldons "made hay" with what was left, their own inner resources of character and ingenuity. They have not begged; they have created. Theirs has been a fine sort of anarchy. Carlton's work has been increasingly purposeful. He has not waited for solutions, he has made them. He has reintegrated himself into social life, on a level where mere existence is terribly desperate and real and chronically dramatic. He has learned that a full, intense, varied life is more satisfying than any specialized pursuit, however remunerative. He has, with Helen's coöperation, discovered fresh values and made a new pattern of life out of whatever was available. He is, to put it plainly, individualism at its best.

In offering him to the credit side of an era's ledger, I present no self-righteous, self-conscious hero. He has done what he has done, thought what he has thought. He gallops to no missionary urge; the world to be saved is himself and his intimates. Situations have generated deep inner compulsions and he has driven through them, leaving to others of us this presumptuous business of discovering significance and deriving lessons.

So far as I know, I am the only person, other than Helen, with whom he has become especially articulate. And I did not find conversation easy,

for the reason that it is fundamental with him to place the act before the word—even to scorn the word. For instance, he is the last man on earth whom I can picture giving his sons a lecture on character; he would consider it downright priggish. Yet character, intrinsic and unconscious, is the essence of him and what he has done. He will want to boot me in the pants for saying so. I would venture to write none of this had I any fear that it would make him self-conscious. He will simply continue to have a splendid disgust at my considering him in the least important or significant.

When I wrote him for consent to make him the victim of this sketch, he tacked onto his reply a gently scornful postscript, a quotation from George Santayana: "When the most dire events have assumed their . . . places in the history of our lives, where they will stand eternally, what are they but absurd episodes in a once tormenting dream?"

That is not false modesty; that is Carlton. Nevertheless, I cannot, as yet, assign him and his excellent family to dreamland. The impression of a man whose failure was resolved into his great success is too real, too strong, too full of meaning for us weaker mortals.



"He has learned that a full, intense, varied life is more satisfying than any specialized pursuit . . ."

The ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

Cleveland Is Next

AULD LANG SYNE is a good song. It scuds up and down the spine. It accelerates the heart. Sometimes it makes the tear ducts brim. Always it impels "joining in." And yet it permits the singer's mind a pleasant vagrancy.

That, we're sure it did for the thousands of Rotarians and their ladies who sang it as the curtain rang down on Rotary's Convention at San Francisco. For we were watching faces . . . while singing.

It took no physiognomist to read in those faces that all had had a good time, a friendly time which they were loath to leave. Yet here and there was a face that seemed to mask a certain calm yet firm resolution. "That," we guessed privately, "is a Cleveland Rotarian. He's resolving that Rotary shall be just as pleased with the international Convention it will hold in his town next year as it has been with this one. A year from now he'll be wearing the tired but happy smile our California Rotarians wear today."

Yes, next year it's Cleveland, Ohio! So rapidly do the leaves fly off Rotary's calendar that plans for the 30th reunion are already "roughed out" and soon they'll acquire polish and detail. If you kept your date at the Golden Gate in '38, you'll need no urging to be on hand in Ohio's lake-front city next June 18 to 23. If you missed San Francisco this year, perhaps you may squeeze a bit of vicarious pleasure out of reading what happened there, in the Convention story elsewhere in this issue.

Divide and Conquer

WHEN Henry Ford said that "Nothing is particularly hard if you divide it into small jobs," perhaps he had industry in mind. But he *could* have been thinking of other fields—of Rotary Clubs, for instance. His formula applies to them, too.

Take the new Rotary year . . . which begins July 1. Considered *in toto*, it's a prospect which—while it pleases

—may loom Gargantuan to the new Club President. But let him, heeding Mr. Ford's hint, divide the year into 52 weekly bits—and then look at it. Assure him that as many men as his Club has members are going to help make those 52 particles busy, productive, and happy, and his brow will relax, his mind will clear for action.

The closing Rotary year has, on the whole, been a good one. It has seen the admission of more new Clubs than any other 12-month period. It has added a new regional conference to Rotary's calendar—the Conference for Rotary Clubs of Middle Asia, which met for the first time in April (see page 50). It has witnessed a steady advance down each stretch of Rotary's four-lane highway.

These, then, are days for speaking thanks to outgoing officers, for felicitating new ones. And these are days—and they're not too early—for planning the routes on which Clubs will move forward from ground they gained in the year now closing.

Drivers—or Driven?

WE STILL have to learn how to live with the automobile. Both as pedestrians and drivers we are much at the mercy of other drivers. At the wheel, we are also at the mercy of ourselves, when our driving skill is inadequate. And in a sense, we are at the mercy of the machine.

For one thing, many modern motorcars can go faster than many modern drivers can think—and act. "Cannonball" Baker, professional record-smasher, who has driven more than 3 million miles, often at forced speeds, and who has had only one accident and that when his own car was standing still, says: "The average man's reflexes are not fast enough to handle the top speeds of today's automobiles."

Each driver has a "safe" speed. It is a balance of his personal reflexes against his car's speed. It is a speed that is right for him, given his physiological and mental makeup. For some exceptional drivers this "safe" speed may be high, but for many it is certainly not more than

40 or 45 miles an hour, even on the country highways.

But the campaign for highway safety—while it focuses chiefly on eliminating auto deaths and maimings, as, patently, it ought to—has other aspects. For instance, bad conduct on the highway can pump up the blood pressure, perhaps can harden the arteries, and surely can upset the digestion, and with it one's peace of mind.

Here is a driver—and where is he not?—who feels that that car ahead, moving a little slower than his own, must be passed at all costs, that the light must be beaten, that any other driver on the road who seems to violate the rules or infringe on his pride, must be disciplined with inner angers and perhaps with downright discourtesy and cursing. Of course, he may cause no accident. He may leave the death and injury toll where he found it. But his resultant inner turmoil has a price—and he will pay it, in frayed nerves, in an overworked heart. And what has he gained? Seconds so few they tick away before he can reckon them.

Yes, we must not only make highways safe for others, but we must also make them safe for ourselves. We must learn how to drive *with serenity*. Otherwise we are not driving the car. It is driving us.

News from a Nursery

WHAT TO DO? The Rotary Club of Alexandria, Virginia, didn't know. Most of the city's needs seemed fairly well filled. But as it stood wondering, a certain little urgency crept up behind it, tugged at its coattails, and drew it into a community service perhaps as large as any ever undertaken by a Club of 35 members—the operation of a children's home and day nursery.

It happened this way: One day about ten years ago the wives of some of the members cornered the Community Service Committee. "Do you know," they said, "that dozens of toddlers in our town have to fend for themselves while their mothers and fathers work? We need a day nursery." Agreeing, the Club rented a house, put \$400 worth of repairs on it, and with pleasure let the ladies take charge. And the youngsters came . . . in capacity numbers.

A local judge and member of the Club, stumped one day on what to do with two homeless waifs, thought of the nursery . . . which promptly took them in. Then came two more little day-and-night lodgers, two children deserted one Winter night out on a country road ten miles from town. And still other orphans found their way to the happy haven.

But the project had leaped into large-scale proportions. The house and the Club's treasury hadn't. So the Club sponsored a boxing-card benefit. The ladies held fund-raising card parties. And the Alexandria Children's Home and Day Nursery moved into a new home. It cost \$7,500. It's all paid for now, by dint of untold selfless giving. The fact is, by the same means a tidy endowment of \$8,500 has been established.

But running expenses come to \$5,000 a year. The

35 small residents must be fed, kept warm, and clothed. The matron, the cook, and the housekeeper must be paid. And now the whole town has begun to understand these realities. The city council has earmarked \$2,000, the community chest an equal sum, for yearly maintenance. That leaves \$1,000 for the Club to draw each year from the endowment . . . and from its pockets. But those pockets are used to the down-dipping hand. Indeed, they've acquired a fine shine from it. This they'd be reluctant to lose.

Yes, this *is* a news item, but we think that it belongs, somehow, among the editorials.

Experiment in Reason

MEN SPEAK 2,792 languages. They live in 70 nations. They move in a chaos of customs. Such facts, reflects Hubert Herring elsewhere in these pages, make understanding an impossibility—or almost one. But, he concludes, men must find some way of understanding each other or their boasted civilization is doomed.

Men are trying to find that way . . . trying hard. Hubert Herring, as a student of world affairs and as one active in the promotion of international understanding, knows that. Perhaps, for instance, he would agree that social tolerance moved just a bit nearer the realm of possibility one week last Summer in Canada.

Out on a little island in a lake in Ontario, 16 men got together . . . to talk and to fish. Among them were a capitalist and an unemployed worker, a university professor and a man on parole, a member of Parliament and a jobless school youth, a farmer and a rabbi, and others of equally varied occupation and experience. They'd come to the spot at the suggestion of Rotarian E. Crossley Hunter, of Hamilton, to engage in an experiment in understanding . . . and some brought many doubts and mental reservations.

Rotarian Hunter had heard that such a plan works in India—that 200 men from the many castes, classes, and religions assemble for a six-week retreat in the Himalayas in what they call the Indian Ashram. Here, under able leadership, they talk, listen, lose some prejudices, and win a measure of sympathetic insight into the problems of their fellowmen. Would such an idea work in Canada?

It did! In morning gatherings, each of the 16 men presented his point of view . . . and discussions followed. Sports filled the afternoons, and in the evenings the camp turned to study major issues.

The week over, the men balanced their books. The man on parole had lost his bitterness, the farmer had won a wider perspective, the capitalist had realized a need for modifications of his economic system, and the unemployed youth had won new hope. And all had learned a way of understanding.

But isn't better understanding the result of any gathering at which men drop the mental trappings of their rank outside? Isn't that, indeed, the first step?



Photos (above) San Francisco Chronicle; all others, except where noted, H. W. Framberg

Rendezvous in the City That Is

By Paul Teetor

Newsnotes and photos re-creating Rotary's 29th annual Convention—a meeting of world friends.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., JUNE 24

A TAP on the huge brass gong, a wave of his hand, and an au revoir, and President Maurice Duperrey has dismissed the 10,409 from 49 nations attending Rotary International's 29th annual Convention. His successor is George C. Hager, of Chicago, Illinois, who, in a brief message, admonished all present to "rid our minds of racial and national intolerance and numbing bias," and urged that "every Rotarian around the world approach with me the coming Rotary year with a new resolve to make the Rotary ideal more real and tangible than ever before."

On this keynote the Convention populace dispersed, and spent the remaining hours before departure telling San Francisco and other California Rotarians what fine hosts they had been.

Though the contest for the Presidency was close and unique in Rotary history, the spirit among all here at the Convention on this closing day is still typical of Rotary, an example of which may be cited in the sporting gesture of Presidential Candidate Allen Street, of Oklahoma

City, Oklahoma, who, immediately upon learning the outcome of the vote, sprang to his feet and moved that a unanimous ballot be cast for President-Elect Hager. As a matter of record, the vote was 2,116 for Rotarian Hager to 1,933 for Rotarian Street, making a total of 4,049 ballots cast at the Thursday-morning session.

This was the second time for a Rotary Convention in San Francisco, in itself a tribute to the city, which visitors are always reluctant to leave. Here you find a mystery blend of the best things of life—penetratingly peppy air, unadulterated sun, brisk people, whose good fellowship shines on every street corner. San Francisco the city that is, strikes me as the only place where one doesn't have to go sightseeing to see the sights, for the greatest sight is San Francisco itself. As you go up the streets, you are always around the next corner; you are in a place which has not begun, yet is very old—Paradoxville-on-the-Pacific.

But the glories of the Golden Gate city have already been sung in issues of THE ROTARIAN preceding this Convention. Much more could be said, but let us turn back to the Convention itself.

The opening day for registration was Sunday, June 19. The well-rounded program of entertainment and Rotary business sessions and discussions started appropriately with the concert by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the beautiful Opera House.

It Was Here in 1915—

It was appropriate that a response to addresses of welcome by San Francisco's Mayor, Rotarian Angelo J. Rossi, and Host Club President M. H. Crowe should come from the man who was President of Rotary International when the Convention met here in 1915—Frank L. Mulholland, of Toledo, Ohio, who said: "It was here in 1915 that many of our group got the inspiration of Rotary. We returned to our respective home towns resolved to emulate your example through the building of a greater and a better Rotary. Did we succeed? Let the record speak. In 1915, there were 186 Rotary Clubs—today, there are 4,700. In 1915, there were 20,700 Rotarians. Today, there are 199,000. . . . In July, 1915, you welcomed 923 women and 965 men, or a total of 1,888 persons, to the

A cascade of flags of all Rotary nations rippled over the facade of the Exposition Auditorium—the House of Friendship (opposite page). . . . President Duperrey addresses the first session—and a radio audience.

sixth annual Convention of Rotary International. Today, I speak for 10,000 visitors, who have travelled from everywhere to attend the 29th Convention. These are the material evidences of our progress. In the 23 years since our last meeting here, we have demonstrated the effectiveness of acquaintance and friendship as an opportunity for service; developed high ethical standards in business and professional activities, and travelled a great distance in the advance of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through this world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service." *

If President Duperrey's acceptance speech at Nice, France, last June was a linguistic triumph, his address at the opening plenary session at San Francisco gave evidence of a still greater triumph in promoting international understanding. During the last 12 months the first President of Rotary International from

the Continent of Europe has visited most of the countries of South America, the United States, Canada, the capitals of practically every European country in which there are Rotary Clubs, and has made a trip by plane to Asia for a Regional Conference at Penang, Straits Settlements. Later he attended the Conference at Blackpool, England, of the Rotarians of Great Britain and Ireland. On all these trips, he was accompanied by charming Madame Duperrey.

Of Rotary and Peace

Summing up his experiences, President Duperrey observed:

"First, it is Rotary's unique unity throughout the world which commands attention.

"My second observation as a result of my travels pertains to the rôle which Rotary can play in the establishment of world peace. Some might question the importance of our undertakings on the grounds that they are merely individual efforts which do not affect official circles. But this would be a serious mistake, because a truly lasting peace can only be the result of a permanent state of mind which abhors violence as a means of solving differences. . . . In a

word, I believe that the true solution of the difficult question of peace lies in the minds of men.

"As for tolerance, I consider it the very basis of our organization."

The theme of international understanding predominated all week, as one San Francisco newspaper editorialized:

"No one can follow the reports of Rotary this week without cheering the Rotarians in their valiant campaign to keep alive goodwill and neighborliness and conciliation as forces in a world that is challenging them as never before. . . .

"The fact that Rotary has spread all over the world is proof in itself that it has something the world badly needs."

Craft Assemblies

But other avenues of Rotary service were not neglected. There were 40 vocational group assemblies, which met in various parts of the city—in hotels, places of industry, banks, public buildings, etc.

"We've got to take greater and more active part in public affairs, acting under the impetus of Rotary's philosophy," Solicitor P. H. W. Almy, of Torquay, England, the Incoming President of "Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland," told the lawyer delegates during

Ten thousand Convention-ers filled Fox Theater (below)—and its lobbies—when Chairman James G. Card (right) pronounced the reunion open.



Head host! Henry J. Brunner, Host Club Committee head.

Photo: Moulin



Photo: (above) Moulin

A bright facet in a brilliant week was the President's Ball, which honored Maurice and Madame Duperrey (seen leading the grand march, above) and Rotary's officers and their ladies. . . . The President and his lady receive a visitor (left) at one of many happy gatherings. . . . One of 150 eager Boy Scouts pops up (left, below) to help Mrs. M. H. Crowe, of a host Club committee.



a discussion of *Lawyers Living Rotary*.

Employer-employee relationships absorbed most of the spirited discussion of 96 Rotarians at the vocational group assembly devoted to clothing and textiles.

M. J. Heddle, Southend-on-Sea, England, stated that his textile company had used the profit-sharing plan with its employees since 1923, and had obtained very good results.

Ninety Rotarians representing utilities met under the chairmanship of B. W. Garvin, of Florence, South Carolina, and discussed their opportunities to spread Rotary principles to employees, consumers, and stockholders.

For the Community

It was 14 years ago that San Francisco Rotarians established the Sunshine School for Crippled Children and watched a practical demonstration of one of their objects take form. On Tuesday, Frank C. Barnes, Chairman of a Crippled Children Assembly held at the Sunshine School, outlined the world-wide work that is being done for the rehabilitation of the crippled child. He also read a message from Rotarian Paul H. King, of Detroit, president of the International Society for Crippled Children.

Ten assemblies devoted to Boys and Youth Service Work on Wednesday afternoon gave emphasis to this important phase of Community Service.

"I hope to see the day," said Millard Davidson, Marianna, Florida, Chairman of the Boys Work—Youth Service Committee of Rotary International, "when we would no more think of bringing the boy into a courtroom for trial than we would of bringing a piece of land, involved in litigation, into the same courtroom."

Leading another group, H. Roe Bartle, well-known Boy Scout executive of Kansas City, Missouri, and a member of the Boys Work—Youth Service Committee of Rotary International, stressed the importance of individual and personal effort on the part of Rotarians interested in boys in their community. "Too often we think of writing a check for Boys Work activities," he said, "but it is far better to dedicate our time and our energy and our talents."

"For centuries," stated Harold H. Burton, Mayor and honorary Rotarian of Cleveland, Ohio, who flew to San Francisco especially to address a plenary session of the Convention, "we have fought crime primarily by seeking to catch the criminal after the crime has been committed and then through his punishment to lead or drive him and others to good citizenship. . . . Only by direction can we combat effectively the widespread devastating effects of individual criminal tendencies originating in a juvenile delinquent's distorted philosophy of trying



to get something for nothing, and seeking selfish gain regardless of resulting suffering and tragedy to others."

Men and Ships

Direct from San Francisco's waterfront came Almon E. Roth, of San Francisco, a Past President of Rotary International, and now president of the Waterfront Employers Association and president of the Pacific American Ship Owners' Association, to present a stimulating address in which he urged Rotarians to enter more actively the troubled field of industrial relations.

Rotary has stayed away from dangerously controversial subjects, he said, but industrial-relations problems have become international in character, and Rotary with its international outlook is in a position to apply its principles of goodwill and service to these problems.

"Since Rotary membership is a true cross section of business and professional life, Rotary stands in a preferred and unique position to crystallize the public interest in sound and fair employer and employee relations," he continued.

"We shall never," he said, "find a panacea for labor-relations problems. . . . The most that we can hope for is to de-



Thousands of potted plants and some 2,300 silk lanterns decked the House of Friendship (top)—were whisked away for the President's Ball. . . . "Letters home" (right, above) from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hughes, of Jenkintown, Pa. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Stanley C. Forbes, of Brantford, Ont., Canada, pause to catch a breath.



Photo: (above) United Air Lines

An airport welcome from the host city's Mayor, Rotarian Angelo J. Rossi, to Mayor and Mrs. Harold H. Burton, Cleveland, Ohio. Mayor Burton, an honorary member, addressed a plenary session, welcomed the 1939 reunion to his city.

velop a fair and honest attitude on the part of each of the parties toward the other."

An Important Year

"To my mind," said Paul P. Harris, Founder and President-Emeritus of Rotary International, "the distinguishing feature of the current year has been its manifest swerve toward internationality.

"Two important factors have contributed toward that end: one, the holding of last year's Convention in Europe; the other, the election of a distinguished citizen of France, Maurice Duperrey, as the first president of Rotary International from the Continent of Europe. . . .

"Maurice's year is a happy beginning of a new advance in the right direction. He has made thousands of friends on both hemispheres and his courteous, kindly personality will never be forgotten."

T. C. Thomsen, of Copenhagen, Denmark, Past Director of Rotary International, stressed Club Service in his talk on *Pulling Your Oar*. "Make each individual member right as a Rotarian," he urged, "then the Club will be right and take its proper place in the scheme of Rotary, and then Rotary will be right."

Toward those Clubs of nine different

nations which achieved distinction for outstanding activities in the four services of Rotary during 1936-1937, further attention was focused by Robert E. Lee Hill, Chairman of the Magazine Committee of Rotary International, at the third plenary session, on Thursday. All Clubs throughout the world were urged to enter the Club-of-the-Year contest for activities carried on during 1937-38.

Roundtable . . .

On Wednesday morning at the plenary session was presented an international roundtable, presided over by Walter D. Head, Past Vice-President, now a mem-

Among respondents to the Convention welcome was Frank L. Mulholland (circle), President at Rotary's 1915 reunion at San Francisco.



ber of the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International. The purpose of the roundtable, which was started in 1934 in Detroit, he explained, "is to visualize more concretely for you Rotary around the world through examples of International Service in other countries."

Allen D. Albert, Past President of Rotary International, summed up the remarks of the six speakers in fitting manner: "The light of Rotary is blending with the light of the world. . . . But we shall never have peace until people learn to love peace sufficiently."

Legislation

Interest ran high in the sessions of the Council on Legislation, which makes recommendations to the Convention, the

Past Presidential profiles: (left to right) I. B. Sutton, Estes Snedecor, Paul P. Harris, Russell F. Greiner.



legislative body of Rotary. The Convention adopted the Council's recommendations, which included several matters of considerable importance.

The proposal to amend the constitutional provision relating to more than one Rotary Club in a city was adopted as amended, so that in a city, borough, or municipal area containing within its corporate limits one or more well-defined commercial or trade centers, an additional Rotary Club may be organized in each such center and admitted to membership in Rotary International, provided that the Rotary Club or Clubs relinquishing territory in which such additional Club is to be organized shall first approve the organization by the affirmative vote of a majority of members present and voting at any regular meeting; provided that notice of such proposed vote shall have been mailed to each member at least 30 days before such meeting.

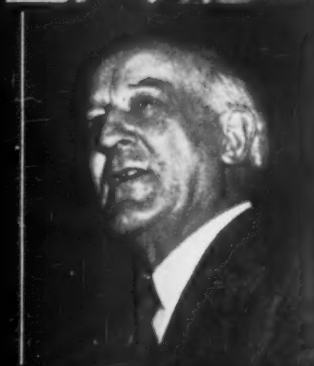
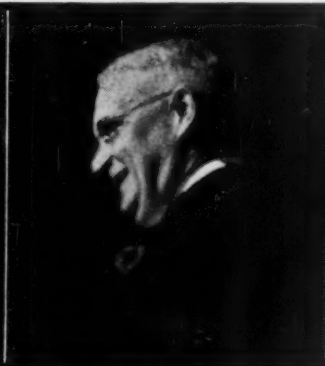
The proposal to clarify the provisions of the Constitution relating to the power of the Board of Directors to expend funds and limiting its power to incur indebtedness was adopted with amendment re-

The proposed changes in the composition of the Council on Legislation were adopted as follows: (1) the number of representatives of non-Districted Clubs is reduced from "not to exceed ten in number" to "not more than three," (2) the number of representatives at large is reduced from nine to six, and (3) members of the Board of Directors of Rotary International are members of the Council.

The proposal to provide for the termination of membership in a Club by the Board of Directors of the Club for a reason which the Board may deem to be sufficient was adopted.

The recommendations of the Chicago Rotary Club as to the nomination and election of the President and Treasurer of Rotary International were withdrawn for further study, the President of Rotary International appointing an Ad Hoc Committee for this purpose. The proposal as to nomination and election of Directors was withdrawn by the Chicago Rotary Club.

The proposal to express sentiment that the President of Rotary International be



Rostrum attitudes as they struck the candid camera: Chesley R. Perry, Rotary's long-time Secretary (opposite page); (above, left to right) M. H. ("Johnny") Crowe, Host Club President; Walter D. Head, Aims and Objects Committeeman; Director-Elect Agripa Popescu; Past President Allen D. Albert; (right, from top down) Convention Song Leader Arthur Shank; C. R. Samuel, Governor-Elect District 80; and Baron Harold de Bildt, of Cairo, Egypt.

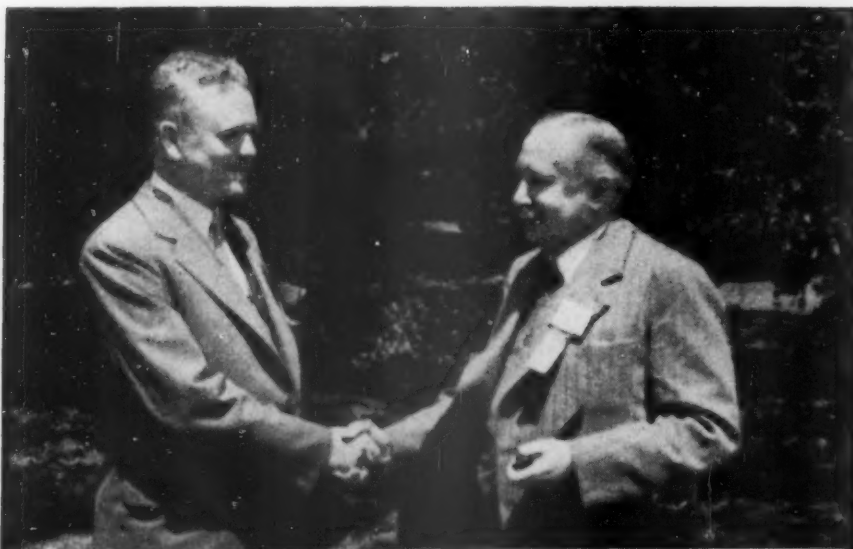
quiring the Board to report to the Convention whenever it expends any of the surplus fund.

A proposal to indicate the approval of the Convention of Rotary International to Amendments to the Constitution of Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland (R. I. B. I.) with regard to administration in Great Britain and Ireland was adopted, and a proposal to amend the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International with regard to administration in R. I. B. I. was adopted as amended. The districts of R. I. B. I. thus become international Districts and the representative members of the General Council become international officers.

elected not more often than three consecutive years from any one country was approved. . . . The proposal to encourage a study by Rotary Clubs of the question of more continuity in the personnel of the Board of Directors of Rotary International was adopted. . . . The proposal relating to the campaign to raise a fund of 2 million dollars as a part of the Rotary Foundation, inaugurated a year ago, was adopted, and all officers of Rotary International and all member Clubs requested to cooperate to make the campaign a complete success.

The proposal to provide for a study of the possible need of a new type of active membership in Rotary Clubs was





adopted. . . . And the proposal to provide for nomination of United States' Directors by regions was referred to the Board for study.

Fellowship and Fun

Business sessions don't seem so long when broken by social fellowship. Every night something was on—musicals, dances, or international group dinners.

On Tuesday began a round of international fellowship dinners arranged by Districts or groups of Districts and by regions outside the United States. These were continued on Wednesday evening.

Monday evening was given over to world-wide fellowship in the new but already famous Civic Center of San Francisco. The band concert and the brilliant illumination of municipal buildings will not soon be forgotten. This was followed by the Mayor's reception to the President of Rotary International and a musical program in the Opera House.

High mark of the social life of the week was the reception and ball for President and Madame Duperrey, and other officers of Rotary International and their ladies, held in the colorful arena of the Municipal Auditorium. This huge room, just a few hours before, was the florally exquisite setting of the House of Friendship. Efficient workmen had transformed it with amazing rapidity.

Diversions

And, to speak further of the social side of the week, there were: the tour into Chinatown on Wednesday evening; auto tours for the ladies; a boat ride around San Francisco Bay; an afternoon devoted to Rotary golf tournaments for men; many events for the young people.

A link between two Rotary years is this handclasp of Outgoing President Maurice Duperrey and President-Elect George C. Hager (top). . . . Giving an intent ear to Council on Legislation proceedings is Charles L. Wheeler, Host District Governor and Past Director, appointed as Council Chairman. . . . Mrs. Hager favors the cameraman. . . . Also evincing interest in the Council session are: (second photo from bottom) T. A. Warren, Outgoing President of R.I.-B.I.; T. D. Young, Vice-President of the same; and Past International President Crawford C. McCullough (all in 1st row); (in the 2nd row, with cigarette) P. H. W. Almy, R.I.B.I. President-Elect; Past International President Will R. Manier, Jr. (in the 3rd row). . . . From far-off Surat, India, came Rotarian and Mrs. C. S. Thakkar and daughter and son, Shashikala and Master Rajnikand.

It was, in short, a complete Convention. Every day was a bright one, as no one here will deny. San Franciscans can well feel proud of their second Rotary Convention.

Credit Where Due

It may be said that all of San Francisco's 400 Rotarians have for the five days just past put in unconscionably long hours of service. Under the able direction of Host Club Committee Chairman Henry J. Brunnier, with the counsel of Convention Chairman James G. Card, of Cleveland; District Governor Charles L. Wheeler, of San Francisco; Convention Manager Howard H. Feighner; and Club President M. H. Crowe, they have deployed over the whole complex field of the Convention organization.

To Chairman Albert F. Roller, of the Convention Housing Committee, cannot go too much praise for handling of arrangements for the beautiful House of Friendship and securing the use of the Fox Theater and the beautiful Opera House for various sessions.

But to single out any special names is to be remiss. Rotarians of the entire Pacific Coast have coöperated in every way possible in making the 29th Convention a complete success.

At Del Monte

Strictly speaking, not a part of the annual Rotary Convention, and yet always associated with it because it is held the week prior, is the annual International Assembly. This year it met at the Del Monte Hotel, just a few minutes from historic Monterey, former capital of the State of California. Here District Governors-Nominee were given an intensive

On one of its sweeps around the Convention scene the roving eye of the camera saw: (from the top down) the Allen Streets, of Oklahoma City, Okla., Mrs. Street, Allen, and Bob. . . . Arthur S. FitzGerald, Chairman-Elect of the Canadian Advisory Committee. . . . Ernesto Santos Bastos, Rotary's Administrative Advisor for Portugal. . . . And 11 Rotary Past Presidents: (back row) Sutton, McCullough, Anderson, Snedecor, Johnson, Hill; (front row) Albert, Mulholland, Harris, Greiner, Klumph. Past Presidents Manier and Roth, also present, just missed the photograph. . . . Leaders of a Latin-American Assembly at San Francisco: (right) Fernando Carbajal, First Vice-President-Elect; I. B. Sutton, Past President; Armando de Arruda Pereira, Outgoing Second Vice-President; Ing. Francisco Marseillan, Buenos Aires, Incoming Director.





Photo: (center above) San Francisco Chronicle

Camera "bugs": (top, left to right) W. A. Lippman, of Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . A. M. Kramm, Grass Valley, Calif. . . . The City Hall backs up Jeremiah DeRosa (left), of Bronx, N. Y., and Dr. H. M. McFarland, of Kansas City, Mo. . . . Busses were popular conveyances (left) to San Francisco's multitude of sights.



Attention-getter was this "horned" car bumper of F. S. McCargar, of Salinas, Calif. (right), shown with Salinas Club President H. R. Wisely.



course in "Rotaryology," preparing them for their tasks during the year ahead.

While there-for work, it must be added that Rotarians of surrounding Clubs in near-by communities made it most pleasant for that international gathering of Rotary officials. Through the courtesy of the Rotary Club of Monterey, a delightful trip around the "17-Mile Drive" was arranged. Thanks are due Marvin C. Park, of Beverly Hills, California, Outgoing Governor of District 107, for arranging for a showing of *The Freshman*, a Harold Lloyd comedy of 15 years ago. Only one print of this picture is in existence, and this ordinarily reposes in Mr. Lloyd's vaults. And for the trip to San Francisco, transportation was generously provided by some 80 private cars through the courtesy of Rotarians of Santa Cruz, San Jose, and other cities.

The Rotary Institute, started last year for nonofficial attendants of the Assem-

bly, attracted a sizable number, especially of past officers of Rotary International. President-Emeritus Paul P. Harris and others led the discussions.

* * *

And so has come to an end an unusual Convention in an unusual city.

In summarizing the spirit of this great international gathering, I quote from Walter B. Pitkin, psychologist, author, and frequent contributor to *THE ROTARIAN*, who, though not a Rotarian, happened into the House of Friendship.

"Ten thousand neighbors all talking over back-yard fences. That was the feel of the place. Everybody knew everybody else. No formalities. No stiff introductions. And, mark you! No silliness.

"I didn't think you folks could do it. But you did. You proved that all the world's a big back yard, and all the men and women in it just chatting over the fence while hanging out the clothes."

As a European Saw It

By A. Marcus Tollet

Governor-Elect, District 69, Finland

THIS has been a great Convention, not only for the number of people attending and the beautiful setting of this great city of the American West, but also, and what is perhaps more important, because it no doubt marks a new step forward in Rotary's progress.

The number of Enactments and Resolutions was not only large, but also many of them will have far-reaching consequence in the direction of international and local activities.

The Enactment with regard to the administration of Rotary in Great Britain and Ireland (R.I.B.I.), which was the outcome of apparently long and mature consideration on the part of R.I.B.I., serves to forge stronger than before the links between R.I.B.I. and all of Rotary International, and enhances the unqualified unity of the movement. The great enthusiasm with which the Council on Legislation received the comments on the Enactment from T. A. Warren, British educator and Outgoing President of



Camera-caught with cameras were (top, left to right) H. G. Evans, Governor-Elect of District 144; Arthur McCallum, Governor-Elect of District 183; and Director-Elect Carbajal with a "pro" movie. . . . This sample cable section of the Bay Bridge attracted attention, was recorded by many a camera (right).



From Poland came Count Witold Sagajilo (right), reëlected Governor of Rotary District 58 (Poland), and Leopold Serog, Club representative.

R.I.B.I., showed all Rotary's appreciation.

The Convention has opened the eyes of European Rotarians to what Rotary means in the United States—the whole scope of its Objects. In discussions I found that Americans are inclined to be too critical of themselves. Not only were American contributions to group discussions, both at the Convention and at the Assembly, quantitatively overwhelming, but European delegates had many occasions to pay tribute to the fine suggestions their American friends advanced for the Rotary world. Personally, I took part in at least eight of the discussion groups at the Convention and others at the International Assembly, and I derived much help and inspiration from these suggestions.

The rapid growth of Rotary in Latin America and the earnestness and high quality of Rotary endeavor there have impressed me most forcefully. I don't think the time is far away when Rotary in that important territory will assume a very important rôle in our many common activities.

It was gratifying to greet our friends from the Asiatic Districts, whose absence from the Convention, especially at a time like the present, would have been keenly felt and would have been a definite loss to our deliberations.

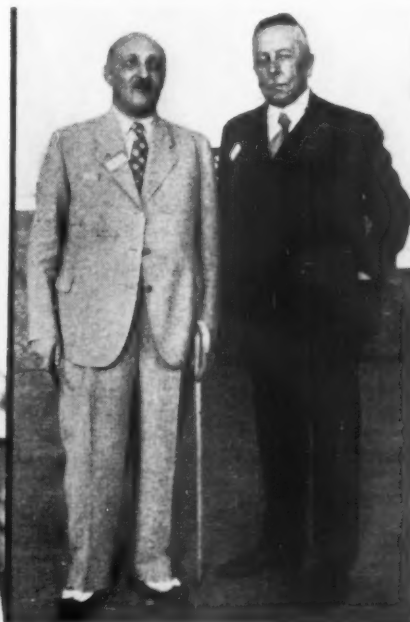
The delegates from Continental Europe were only a handful, but this fact is no indication of the lack of interest or desire to participate. Those who were present return to their respective Districts and Clubs convinced that Rotary will proceed effectively as long as it remains true to its ideal. Such a gathering as this convinces me that we are on the high road toward the consolidation of Rotary thinking and toward more defi-

nately reaching the objectives of Rotary.

International coöperation is to be the main topic of the forthcoming Fourth Regional Conference of Rotary in Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor, to be held in Stockholm, Sweden, next September 2, 3, and 4. The discussions here at San Francisco will greatly help us in making suggestions to the European delegates at our Conference.

One final word. We can't appreciate enough the hospitality of our California friends whom we met first during that memorable week at Del Monte and afterward during our journey to San Francisco, and last of all in this beautiful city of the Golden Gate. And no commentary on this year's Convention would be complete without a word for our Outgoing President. The success of the Convention is due in no small degree to the truly Gallic *esprit* of President Maurice Duperrey, whose mastery of languages, including American slang, kept us in the best possible mood the entire time.

With the San Francisco Symphony:
Concert pianist
Elena Guirola
Hitchcock, daughter
of Rotarian M.
E. Hitchcock, of
San Mateo, Calif.



Photos: (top) San Francisco Examiner



Photo: (bottom) San Francisco Chronicle

Golden Gate Gossip

"THE ROTARIAN" BOOTH,
HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP, JUNE 24

THE thing that impresses us most about this Rotary Convention idea," say ELBERT L. SCHROEDER, Secretary, and REV. GEORGE H. TURNER, President-Elect of the Coquille, Oreg., Rotary Club, "is the ease with which you can make friends from around the world. . . . It certainly broadens one's horizon."

"We're sure we are the farthest from home," says MRS. MONTAGUE LAWSON, who came to the Convention with her dentist husband, from Johannesburg, South Africa. "If you stick a pin into the globe at Johannesburg and pass it through the center of the globe, it will come out in San Francisco."

ROTARIAN GEORGE H. FRANK is (admittedly!) the foremost clothier of Maysville, Ky., and a charter member and Past President of his Rotary Club. He has attended five Conventions, but there was something wrong with the 1938 picture, for regardless of his clothing business and his reputation as an experienced Convention-goer, he came away with only one shirt. He's a bachelor.

The announcement at the International Assembly on June 14, that PRESIDENT and MADAME DUPERREY had become the happy grandparents of a 7-pound boy, HUBERT, born to their daughter and son-in-law M. and MME. EMANUEL COSTIL brought a "big hand."

PORTER W. CARSWELL, Governor-Elect of District 165, has the classification of cotton growing, and lives 14 miles from his Club in Waynesboro, Ga. Although he manages his 2,500-acre plantation and is active in several organizations, last year he organized five new Clubs in Georgia, and was especially pleased that the Monroe, Ga., Club was organized on PAUL HARRIS' 70th birthday. He expects to equal his new-Club record of last year during his year as Governor.

The warm hospitality of the West was much in evidence even before Rotarians reached the Convention city. One Rotary special, loaded with District Governors-Nominee and others bound for the International Assembly and Institute in Del Monte—175 in all—found a hearty welcome in Denver, where local Rotarians met them with cars that took the entire group for a four-hour drive to the near-by Rocky Mountains. (This same courtesy was extended for a two-week period to all Rotarians who could be contacted as they arrived in Denver.) . . . Next

Accouterment of the Sergeant-at-Arms includes the shillelagh upraised by Prentiss M. Terry over Clarence F. Pratt, his First Assistant Sergeant (top). . . . His Second Assistant, J. A. Greenway (2nd from top), and 150 others helped to make the Convention mechanism run with true precision. . . . The young folks had a good time, to which Richard Lyon, Oakland, Calif., and Geraldine P. Young, Berkeley, Calif., contributed no little share as co-chairmen of the Young People's Committee.

day in Salt Lake City, Utah, the Rotary Club had chartered busses which took the group for a drive through their city. . . . And, again in Sacramento, Calif., was a welcoming band of Rotarians with baskets of fruit for all—the greetings from Rotary Clubs in California and Nevada. Other groups en route to San Francisco had similar experiences.

THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD found only one pair of twins at the Convention: sons of GOVERNOR-ELECT (District 179) RALPH E. AND MRS. SPRINGER, of Ardmore, Pa.—RALPH E., JR., and SPENCER. Although only 15 years old, this is their third Convention.

All members of the outgoing Board of Directors were present for the meeting in June in Del Monte the week preceding the Assembly with the exception of DIRECTORS JOSEPH IMRE, of Budapest, Hungary, who could not leave his country at the time, and CARLOS P. ROMULO, Manila, The Philippines, who was still suffering from injuries received in an auto accident.

"Californians have a right to boast of the weather, for it is almost identical with that found in our home in Edinburgh, Scotland," believe ROTARIAN JAMES S. AND MRS. HOGG. He is Chairman-Elect of R.I.B.I. Districts 1 and 2.

On board the R.M.S. *Aorangi*, en route to Vancouver from Australia and New Zealand, Rotarians and their guests met together for luncheon. OUTGOING DIRECTOR ANGUS S. MITCHELL served as chairman during a brief program, which was featured by a talk by A. E. GLASSEY, former British Parliament member, in which he visualized the day when class distinction would be eliminated and snobbery stamped out—a theme of which they heard much in San Francisco.

All the way from Ottumwa, Iowa, came the popular Ottumwa Rotary Glee Club with its 27 singers. Singing in the House of Friendship, at the Crippled Children's Hospital, and elsewhere in San Francisco, they scored a "hit."

DRIVERS. Among the many who came to the Convention were these who drove unusual distances: MANUEL GALIGARCIA, Governor of the 25th District, came from Havana, Cuba, driving from Miami, Fla. . . . ADRIÁN RODRIGUEZ, Outgoing Governor of Rotary District 3, came from Hidalgo, Mexico, via Mexico City along the beautiful Pan-American Highway. . . . VERNE C. AND MRS. BEVERLY motored 5,700 miles from their home in Presque Isle, Me.

FLIERS. The longest air flight to the Convention was that of GOVERNOR-ELECT (District 96) JAMES M. HENRY, of Canton, China, who came by Clipper plane. . . . Other Incoming Governors who chose the airlines: HARRY E. HOVEY (District 171), accompanied by daughters FLORENCE and ELIZABETH, from Geneva, N. Y.; CHARLES A. HOOT (District 157), of Orrville, Ohio; FEDERICO MARTINS (District 38), to Los Angeles, from La Paz, Bolivia. Another to fly from South America was DIRECTOR-ELECT FRANCISCO MARSELLAN, of Buenos Aires, Argentina. . . . MAYOR AND MRS. HAROLD H. BURTON, from Cleveland, Ohio, 1939 Convention

city, made the round trip by air. They arrived in time to celebrate the Mayor's birthday, June 22, the day of his address to the Convention. . . . And there was WALTER D. HEAD, Montclair, N. J., educator and Past Vice-President of Rotary International, who nearly always flies, as does WALTER B. PITKIN, author and frequent contributor to THE ROTARIAN, who stopped to greet friends in the House of Friendship.

Of course, the 10,409 who attended the Convention came from all parts of the world and used many diverse ways for transportation. Most unusual, perhaps, was that chosen by HENRY McCoy, of Golconda, Ill. His Club's treasury wouldn't permit sending a delegate, so youthful ROTARIAN McCoy said he'd hitchhike. He was one of the most enthusiastic delegates.

ROTARIAN BERT LINFIELD, of Littlehampton, England, attending his tenth international Convention in 14 years, has passed his threescore and ten; but claims "Rotary keeps me young and I am now looking forward to the Cleveland gathering in 1939." He has had perfect attendance for 15 years.

TROPHIES. The silver loving cup for the highest total score in the Convention-attendance contest was this year won by the Rotary Club of Tsinan, China, which is represented by two of its 18 members who came 7,355 miles to San Francisco. The score is computed in the following manner: The number of miles travelled by members of the Club in the most direct route to San Francisco, Calif., multiplied by the percentage of the Club's attendance at the Convention. . . . The Thomas Duncan Hunter International Golf Trophy Championship for 1938 was won by the Fresno, Calif., Rotary Club, with GEORGE AULBACH and R. T. McMIL-

LAN on the two-man team. San Francisco was runner-up, with JOHN LEVINSON and WILLIAM THOMAS. . . . The Clarksburg Trophy Handicap was won by the Niles, Calif., Club, by Dr. THOMAS C. WILSON and GEORGE SMITH; and runners-up were JAMES KIRBY DORBS and PALMER BROWN, of Memphis, Tenn.

Carmel Mission, famed California mission, attracted Rotary officials from 15 different countries while they were residing at Hotel Del Monte, site of the International Assembly and Institute.

Coming to San Francisco from South Africa is a long way, as was found by INCOMING GOVERNOR (55th District) HENRY JOHN MILLARD, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. O. M. COUSE. "It took us five weeks to make the trip," said Mrs. COUSE, "and by the time we arrive home we shall have travelled some 25,000 miles. But it's certainly worth it."

DR. FRANTISEK KRAL, Governor-Elect of District 66, will visit Clubs in Czechoslovakia by air. For 11 years he has been president of the Aeroclub of Czechoslovakia, has the classification of veterinary medicine, and speaks with fluency German, Polish, Russian, French, and English, as well as Czech.

Comes to mind a pleasant meeting with the charming family of ROTARIAN CHAITANYALAL SEVAKRAM THAKKAR, from Surat, India. Mrs. THAKKAR's given name is VIDYADEVI, which means Goddess of Learning; 12-year-old daughter SHASHIKALA, in English, is Light of the Moon, and bright-eyed MASTER RAJNIKAND, who is 10 years old, is Moon-Husband of the Night. They are on a trip around the world.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.

A 4,500-year-old redwood tree, largest and oldest giant in the Santa Cruz County Grove, was dedicated to Rotary. A camera report of the ceremony shows: (left to right) J. B. Riordan, Santa Cruz Club President; Outgoing Director Percy B. Scurrah; Past President Almon E. Roth; Governor-Elect Floyd A. Parson; Mme. Maurice Duperrey; Outgoing Second Vice-President Armando de Arruda Pereira; Outgoing President Duperrey; Outgoing Director Angus Mitchell; Past President Will R. Manier, Jr.; Outgoing First Vice-President Bruce Williams.

Photo: (below) Harry A. Kay



From top down: Past Director and Mrs. Emmet Richards visit THE ROTARIAN booth. . . . Mme. Louis F. Lambelet, Switzerland, and Sra. Ernesto Santos Bastos, Portugal, bemused. . . . Governor-Elect Marcus Tallet, Finland, and Aileen Harris, Washington, D. C., at the redwood. . . . Chinatown sale.



GEORGE C. HAGER
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.
President



FERNANDO CARBAJAL
Lima, Peru
First Vice-President



NILS H. PARMANN
Oslo, Norway
Second Vice-President



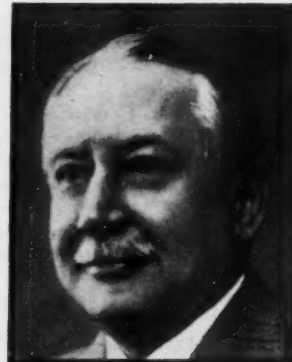
C. REEVE VANNEMAN
Albany, New York, U.S.A.
Third Vice-President



WILLIAM R. ALLEN
Montreal, Quebec, Canada
Director



FRANK C. BARNES
Manistee, Michigan, U.S.A.
Director



MAURICE DUPERREY
Paris, France
Director



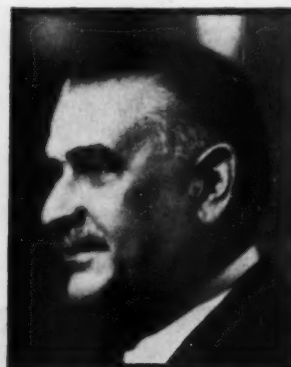
FRANCISCO MARSEILLAN
Buenos Aires, Argentina
Director



KARL MILLER
Dodge City, Kansas, U.S.A.
Director



ALLEN L. OLIVER
Cape Girardeau, Mo., U.S.A.
Director



AGRIPA POPESCU
Bucharest, Rumania
Director



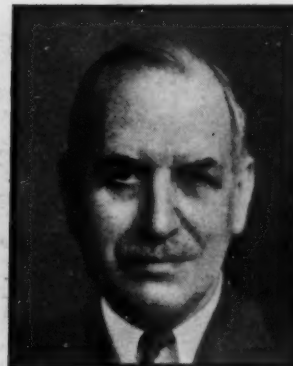
G. M. VERRALL REED
Southgate, London, England
Director



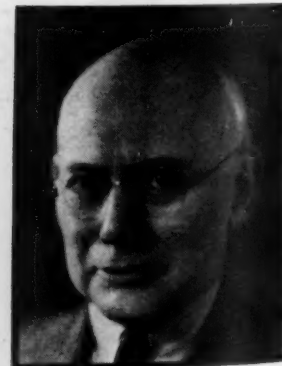
CARLOS P. ROMULO
Manila, The Philippines
Director



RICHARD H. WELLS
Pocatello, Idaho, U.S.A.
Director



RUFUS F. CHAPIN
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.
Treasurer



CHESLEY R. PERRY
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.
Secretary

The New Officers of Rotary International

Meet Your New District Governor!

BUT pause first for an introduction to the 16 Rotarians (shown on the opposite page) who were elected General Officers of Rotary International for 1938-39 at Rotary's 29th annual Convention at San Francisco, California. The first 14 men constitute Rotary's Board of Directors, the governing administrative body responsible for the control and management of the affairs and funds of Rotary International in conformity with its Constitution and By-Laws. To his office each brings the benefit of long experience and deep understanding of Rotary's multitudinous phases. As this issue enters the mails, the first regular meeting of the new Board is to be in session in Rotary's Secretariat in Chicago.

* * *

Below and on the next two pages appear photographs of the new Governors of Rotary's 127 Districts, also elected at the Convention at San Francisco. While they have just passed through many busy days in the International Assembly and Convention, more such days lie ahead for them. Most of them are already speeding home—to plan District Assemblies to be held in July, August, or September, or to map official visits to their Clubs—which they complete before the first half of the Rotary year is spent. As direct supervisor of the Clubs in his District, the Gov-

ernor finds his duties legion—but equally interesting.

Rotary's growth from one Club with four members in 1905 to 4,700 Clubs with almost 200,000 members in 1938 has multiplied the duties of Club administration in the same ratio, and the District system has developed to facilitate their discharge. In recent years, many Districts have proved too large, in terms of numbers of Clubs or geographical extent, for one Governor to administer or without too costly a sacrifice of time. Hence several such have been divided into two, sometimes three, smaller units, with a Governor for each. During the past Rotary year more than a dozen new Districts came out of such partition and two new Districts, 38 (Bolivia) and 69 (Finland), were created of previously non-Districted territory.

Like the Directors, the Governors also bring to their tasks the weight of much study and practical experience in Rotary. Most if not all of them have served as Presidents or in other administrative capacities in their Clubs.

The Governors have just been "graduated" from their "school," as the International Assembly is familiarly known. They are eager to apply what they have absorbed there and in their long years in Rotary. And what they want most—and they may expect with full assurance—is the help of every Club and member in their Districts.



DISTRICT 23
ADOLFO E. AUTREY
TAMICO, MEXICO



DISTRICT 24
MIGUEL GONZALEZ
TIJUANA, MEXICO



DISTRICT 25
ALFREDO CORROSO Y
QUESADA
CANAGUEY, CUBA



DISTRICTS 26, 27,
28, 29
LUIZ DIAS LINS
RECIFE, BRAZIL



DISTRICT 30
HORACIO DAMIANO
VICH
SANTA FE, ARGENTINA



DISTRICT 31
JOAQUIN SERRATOSA
CIRIL
MONTEVIDEO,
URUGUAY



DISTRICT 33
F. QUESADA ROGERS
TEMUCO, CHILE



DISTRICT 34
ARMANDO HAMEL
SANTIAGO, CHILE



DISTRICT 35
L. GAJARDO GUERRERO
SAN FELIPE, CHILE



DISTRICT 38
FEDERICO MARTINS
LA PAZ, BOLIVIA



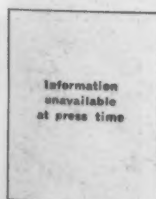
DISTRICT 39
CESAR D. ANDRADE
QUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR



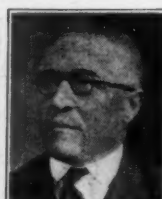
DISTRICT 40
JORGE ROA MARTINEZ
PEREIRA, COLOMBIA



DISTRICT 42
G. E. ALVAREZ
SANTA ANA,
EL SALVADOR



DISTRICT 48
ITALY



DISTRICT 47
ANDRE PONS
MAZAMET, FRANCE



DISTRICT 48
EMILE COUBES
LYON, FRANCE



DISTRICT 49
PAUL LONGUET
PARIS, FRANCE



DISTRICT 53
G. W. HUTCHISON
AUCKLAND,
NEW ZEALAND



DISTRICT 54
LOUIS F. LAMBELET
VAL DE TRAVERS,
SWITZERLAND



DISTRICT 55
HENRY JOHN MILLARD
PORT ELIZABETH,
SOUTH AFRICA

Henri Manuel

Tornquist

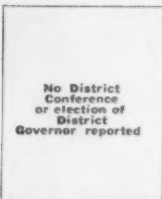
Poulsen



DISTRICT 56
W. K. MCLUCKIE
BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA



DISTRICT 59
DANIEL DE JONGH WZN
ROTTERDAM,
THE NETHERLANDS



DISTRICT 60
SPAIN



DISTRICT 61
EMILE DECKERS
ANTWERP, BELGIUM



DISTRICT 65
ANGUS S. MITCHELL
MELBOURNE,
AUSTRALIA



DISTRICT 66
FRANTISEK KRAL
BENŮ,
CZECHOSLOVAKIA



DISTRICT 67
LEIF S. RODE
OSLO, NORWAY



DISTRICT 68
A. MARCUS TOLLET
HELSINKI-HELSING-
FORS, FINLAND



DISTRICT 70
KENJIRO MATSUMOTO
KOJI, JAPAN



DISTRICT 71
ANDRES F. DASSO
LIMA, PERU



DISTRICT 75
T. C. THOMSEN
COPENHAGEN,
DENMARK



DISTRICT 76
FOX MARTIN
ORANGE, AUSTRALIA



DISTRICT 77
IVAN SISKAR
LJUBLJANA,
YUGOSLAVIA



DISTRICT 78
E. W. FEYROM
STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN



DISTRICT 79
PIETER VAN HULSTIJN
BUITENZORG, JAVA,
NETHERLANDS INDIES



DISTRICT 80
C. R. SAMUEL
PENANG,
STRAITS
SETTLEMENTS



DISTRICT 81
GEORGE A. MALCOLM
MANILA,
THE PHILIPPINES



DISTRICT 82
ZOLTAN KODES
BUDAPEST, HUNGARY



DISTRICT 83
BARON HAROLD DE
BILTY
CAIRO, EGYPT



DISTRICT 84
PRINCE C. SASARAB
BRANCOVEANU
BUCHAREST, RUMANIA



DISTRICT 85
COUNT WITOLD
SADZILO
WARSAW, POLAND



DISTRICT 89
SIR PHIROZE SETHNA
BOOMBAY, INDIA



DISTRICT 96
JAMES M. HENRY
CANTON, CHINA



DISTRICTS 97 AND 98
FONG F. SEC
SHANGHAI, CHINA



DISTRICT 100
WAYNE STEWART
HONOLULU, HAWAII



DISTRICT 101
MARSHALL E. CORNETT
KLAMATH FALLS, ORE.



DISTRICT 104
FLOYD A. PARYTON
SAN JOSE, CALIF.



DISTRICT 105
JOS. N. BORROUGHS
OAKLAND, CALIF.



DISTRICT 106
J. THOMAS CROWE
VISALIA, CALIF.



DISTRICT 107
SAMUEL E. GATES
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



DISTRICT 108
FRED B. MACK
SAN BERNARDINO,
CALIFORNIA



DISTRICT 110
GILBERT W. WILLIAMS
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



DISTRICT 111
WILLIAM R. CARTY
NEEDLES, CALIF.



DISTRICT 112
WILLIAM E. RAE
HAVRE, MONTANA



DISTRICT 113
MORTIMER STONE
FORT COLLINS, COLO.



DISTRICT 115
JOHN P. SHEEHAN
EL PASO, TEXAS



DISTRICT 116
PERCY REED
REGINA, SASK., CAN.



DISTRICT 117
FRED J. TRAYNOR
DEVILS LAKE, N. DAK.



DISTRICT 119
RAYMOND C. COOK
SIOUX CITY, IOWA



DISTRICT 120
HARRY F. RUSSELL
HASTINGS, NEBRASKA



DISTRICT 122
J. E. CONKLIN
HUTCHINSON, KANS.



DISTRICT 123
JOHN H. FELLER
LEAVENWORTH, KANS.



DISTRICT 124
DOANE R. FARN
CLINTON, OKLAHOMA



DISTRICT 125
CHARLES E. BOWLEY
SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA



DISTRICT 127
LINTON H. ESTES
WICHITA FALLS, TEX.



DISTRICT 128
HUBERT T. JOHNSON
WACO, TEXAS



DISTRICT 129
DATUS E. PROPER
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



DISTRICT 130
FRANCIS B. DUNN
PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS



DISTRICT 132
P. E. WRIGHT
IOWA FALLS, IOWA



DISTRICT 134
CARL E. SOLYE
SLATER, MISSOURI



DISTRICT 135
A. B. JACKSON
JEFFERSON CITY, MO.



DISTRICT 136
HERBERT M. MILLER
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS



DISTRICT 139
FRANK T. DOOLEY
BRINKLEY, ARK.



DISTRICT 139
J. A. WELCH
BATON ROUGE, LA.

Cassaday



DISTRICT 140
W. R. HERSTEIN
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE



DISTRICT 141
JAMES F. SHAW
HAMMOND, LOUISIANA



DISTRICT 143
L. W. REYNOLDS
ONTONAGON, MICH.



DISTRICT 144
ROY A. PLUMS
TWO RIVERS, WIS.



DISTRICT 146
PHILIP M. DALE
GRANITE CITY, ILL.



DISTRICT 147
DAVID E. WALKER
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



DISTRICT 148
J. BRUCE BUCKLER
CASEY, ILLINOIS

Lester Jones

Morris



DISTRICT 149
E. C. LENTZ
CARBONDALE, ILL.



DISTRICT 151
SAULT STE. MARIE
ONTARIO, CANADA



DISTRICT 152
THOMAS J. CARNEY
ALMA, MICHIGAN



DISTRICT 153
BERT F. DOWNEY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



DISTRICT 154
PAUL E. CHALFANT
COLUMBIA CITY, IND.



DISTRICT 155
JOHN R. STEMM
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA



DISTRICT 156
PAUL D. CRIMM
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Norton



DISTRICT 157
CHARLES A. HOOT
ORRVILLE, OHIO



DISTRICT 158
RALPH W. BELL
CLEVELAND, OHIO



DISTRICT 159
BERT F. DOWNEY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



DISTRICT 161
LAWRENCE W. HAGER
OWENSBORO, KY.



DISTRICT 162
JOHN SHAW
MAYSVILLE, KY.



DISTRICT 163
J. U. OVERALL, JR.
DYERSBURG, TENN.



DISTRICT 164
HOUSTON COLE
TUSCALOOSA, ALA.



DISTRICT 165
PORTER W. CARWELL
WAYNESBORO, GA.



DISTRICT 167
GARLAND W. POWELL
GAINESVILLE, FLA.



DISTRICT 169
HARRY W. ROCKWELL
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



DISTRICT 171
HARRY E. HOVEY
GENEVA, NEW YORK



DISTRICT 172
ADRIAN M. NEWENS
ITHACA, NEW YORK



DISTRICT 174
ROBERT F. WALMSLEY
NYACK, NEW YORK



DISTRICT 175
G. H. RICKERT
KANE, PA.

Bachrach

Mettee

Nation-wide News



DISTRICT 176
WILLARD A. GRIFFIN
BROWNSVILLE, PA.



DISTRICT 177
D. ED. EDMONDSON
DANVILLE, PA.



DISTRICT 179
RALPH E. SPRINGER
ARDMORE, PA.



DISTRICT 180
WALTER N. KIRKMAN
BALTIMORE, MD.



DISTRICT 182
PETER R. DECKENBACH
BELLEVILLE, N. J.



DISTRICT 183
ARTHUR MCCALLUM
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



DISTRICT 184
THOMAS V. WINGATE
SALEM, NEW JERSEY

Cummins

Hamblin



DISTRICT 185
K. M. GILLESPIE
WHITE SULPHUR
SPRINGS, W. VA.



DISTRICT 186
IRVIN W. CUBINE
MARTINSVILLE, VA.



DISTRICT 187
ABRAHAM GLOVSKY
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA



DISTRICT 188
J. MACK HATCH
BELMONT, N. C.



DISTRICT 189
IRVIN MORGAN, JR.
FARMVILLE, N. C.



DISTRICT 190
T. W. THORNHILL
CHARLESTON, S. C.



DISTRICT 192
L. H. ALLINE
PRESQUE ISLE, ME.

Tash

Bachrach

Snively



DISTRICT 193
PERCY L. VERNON
LEWISTON, MAINE



DISTRICT 195
F. LEROY RICE
BARRE, VERMONT



DISTRICT 196
ABRAHAM GLOVSKY
SEVERLY, MASS.



DISTRICT 197
FENWICK L. LEAVITT
WORCESTER, MASS.



DISTRICT 198
OLIVER S. EDMISTON
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



DISTRICT 199
LEWIS D. BEMENT
GREENFIELD, MASS.



DISTRICT 200
CHAS. W. PETTINGILL
GREENWICH, CONN.

May I Suggest— By William Lyon Phelps

A Review of New Books and Plays with Bits about Those Who Wrote Them

I WAS delighted to receive a charming letter from a beloved editorial friend, whose initials are L. C., written in the hospital. He has bravely turned a temporary physical defeat into a splendid mental victory, for he is employing some of his enforced leisure in reading good books. He writes, "My joy of the moment is your own friend Hamlin Garland. His *A Son of the Middle Border* recounts his boyhood not far from the Iowa community where my father spent his; in fact, he mentions one of my relatives, an old man whom I visited in 1919 when I was earning my way through college selling maps. Later, Garland homesteaded in Dakota, associated with my own youth. I'm strongly tempted to write Garland a fan letter."

Well, I hope he will. L. C. will be astonished when he reads his personal letter to me in print, but I am sure he will not mind, because it gives me such an admirable opportunity to suggest to my readers that they reread Garland's masterpiece. I was first attracted to the writings of Hamlin Garland many years ago by my friend Edward G. Buckland. He suggested that I read a novel by a new man, called *Rose of Dutchers Coolly*, and I have never forgotten my surprise and delight in doing so. Later Garland and I began our intimate friendship, stronger than ever today. He became a distinguished author, was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and received many other honors, among them the Pulitzer Prize. But of all his works, I place first this admirable book that L. C. has been rereading, *A Son of the Middle Border*. Every American, no matter where he lives, should be familiar with it, not only because it is so interesting, but because it is a permanent contribution to the social history of America. Many thanks, L. C., in which my readers join.

• • •

The award of the Pulitzer Prize in drama for 1938 to Thornton Wilder for his original and powerful play *Our Town* is of special interest, not only because the play deals with the average small town in the United States, but also because exactly ten years ago Mr. Wilder won the Pulitzer Prize in prose fiction for his beautiful novel *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. That was as romantic as his play is realistic. Sir James Barrie told me that

all Americans should be proud, first, because so magnificent a story was written by an American; second, because 200,000 Americans bought it. The new play, *Our Town*, has been published and makes very interesting reading.

• • •

It is exciting to watch new and young authors when they show great promise. And I suggest we all keep our eyes on young Jesse Stuart, of Kentucky, farmer, schoolteacher, poet, novelist. A few years ago Mr. Stuart published his first book, a volume containing a vast number of original sonnets, called *Man with a Bull-tongue Plow*. This was followed by a remarkable collection of short stories. Last year he was awarded the Guggenheim Fellowship, and he is at present in the home of his ancestors, in Scotland. One result of this journey is his new book, an autobiographical collection of tales, called *Beyond Dark Hills*. It contains some striking passages dealing with life in Kentucky. Two years ago I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stuart in his native State. I was impressed by his virility and sincerity. He was teaching school in term time and working on his farm in the Summer. But I told him he would shortly be obliged to give up every occupation except creative writing, for which he was foreordained.

• • •

Here is a tall volume, containing 779 pages, dealing for the first time with a subject of universal interest, and, what is even more astonishing, written by a woman! This is *A History of the Business Man*. The author is Miriam Beard, daughter of the distinguished historians Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard. She was brought up in a home where serious subjects were matters of daily conversation. She has travelled in faraway places, has lived for several years in England and in Germany, and is the wife of a scholar, Alfred Vagts, German historian of diplomacy. She is indeed fortunate in having found a subject of universal interest, and yet one that is virgin soil. For I can recollect no book on this particular theme. The first sentence of her introduction is, "If it is a little strange that writers have not yet provided a history for the businessman, it is still more curious that he himself remains so unconcerned in the matter."

This fine work is out of my field, and

I have not read all of it; but I regard its appearance as a literary event.

• • •

To turn from business to a stirring tale of wild adventure on the wilder ocean, let me recommend to all a brief book, illustrated with photographs, called *Fifty South to Fifty South*, written by Lieutenant Warwick Tompkins. It describes his tremendous voyage, in a small schooner, around Cape Horn, in which he deliberately took the most difficult and dangerous route, east to west—that is, from 50 degrees south in the Atlantic to 50 degrees south in the Pacific. His wife and two small children gallantly accompanied him, with a fine crew. West to east is more difficult than the other way, for the terrific winds blow chronically in the wrong direction. The account of the making of this schooner fit for such an adventure and the account of the hazards of the voyage are written with such vivacity and charm and humor that I read every word with delight. The photographs taken by Lieutenant Tompkins are marvellous; and among them is a clear picture of Cape Horn itself, which many sailors who go around it never behold.

• • •

In these years of financial depression, may I suggest a new and admirable novel with the well-chosen title *Kindling*. The author is Nevil Shute, and while it is a good story well told, a novel and not a treatise, its scenes are laid in a town struck dead by the despair that follows complete collapse of business, where the unemployed walk about in the silent streets like ghosts of the past. Then comes the man of genius, who by extraordinary courage, enterprise, and far-sightedness brings about the resurrection. "Kindling" is the right word for the renewed factory furnaces, for the renewed hope in human hearts, and for the reader's own interest, which mounts steadily from first page to last. It is a ripping story, enormously enlivening.

• • •

If you doubt that there can be such a thing as an original anthology, let me recommend Professor Houston Peterson's new book, *The Lonely Debate*. Do you know what this is? It is an anthology of famous *soliloquies*.

The soliloquy, which used to be so important in ancient drama, in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, in the classic

French drama of the 17th Century, and indeed clear down almost to the contemporary stage, has been driven out of the modern theater by our demand for realism in conversation. But not only did the old soliloquies reveal the heart of the hero; they were indeed as important tests for the actor as solos are in the opera. The most famous passage in the entire history of the theater in all ages and in all nations is, of course, Hamlet's soliloquy, *To Be or Not to Be*. That is still the question, isn't it? It was surely the lonely debate in Hamlet's mind. And this title for the book was admirably chosen by Professor Peterson, for he shows that the soliloquy was almost always spoken at a tremendous crisis, when the speaker *had to choose*. Thus the great soliloquies of the theater, outmoded though they may be in contemporary plays, have a vital importance for readers in the year 1938. The editor's comments on the passages chosen for this book may be dignified by the name of original essays; they are packed with thought.

Speaking of the drama, may I suggest a volume, in small compass as far as its size is concerned, called *A Study of the Modern Drama*. The author is Barrett H. Clark, who has written a score of useful works on the theater. This latest one covers the whole range of the modern drama in various countries. It seems to me that it will be immensely useful for reading clubs and courses of study, as well as for the individual student. Seldom can one find in one compact volume such a vast store of information so specifically and definitely presented; and not the least valuable part of the work is the long bibliography, a list of authors and plays, a list of critical writings concerning them, and a list of historical works. Both for reading and for reference, this is a thoroughly good book.

The most thrilling crime novel that I have read since I wrote the previous month's article is *Blue Mask at Bay*, by the British writer Anthony Morton. This book is a rip-snorter, a humdinger, a WOW of the first magnitude. It is one fiercely exciting incident after another, so there are no dull intervals for the simple reason that there are no intervals at all. Here, anyhow, is no breathing spell; *Blue Mask* has no sooner finished with one astounding adventure than he begins another. This criminal is an English gentle-

man, a charming fellow in good society with irreproachable manners; he has appeared in a number of preceding works by the same author, but both he and his creator are at their very best in this latest narrative. Whew! I wish the book were three times as long.

I was so terribly disappointed by Ellery Queen's latest, *The Devil to Pay*, which was so poor that it seemed as if it could not have been written by the same man who gave me such delight in half a dozen other novels, that I turned away from him to England. An excellent murder story, called *The Corpse with the Blue Cravat* (it is not because of my Yale blood that I am recommending these two blue books), is written by that accomplished gentleman from southwestern England R. A. J. Walling. He is the editor of an excellent newspaper in Plymouth, England, and I once had the pleasure of meeting him on a voyage to America. He is a scholar, and his book *Green Hills of England* I have already recommended to Rotarians and to all who are contemplating a journey to that country. Now, his latest murder story is not so exciting as the *Blue Mask*, for the tempo is slower; it is not so crowded with fearful and wonderful incidents. But it is ingenious; his fine detective, Mr. Tolefree, is at his peak; and it is extremely well written.

Recently that gallant gentleman, Rotarian, and my old friend, William Allen White, of Kansas, came to Yale to lecture; no one will forget his visit. I congratulated him on his son, for ever since the time of Hector (about 1200 B.C.) every father is prouder of his son's achievement

than of his own. Twenty-nine years ago William Allen White produced a full-length American novel, called *A Certain Rich Man*; a fine book it is, and I rejoice to say that it is still selling regularly. And now his son, W. L. White, appears in the literary arena with a very long novel of American life, called accurately *What People Said*. It has received universal praise from the reviewers, which "rejoices the father's heart." It is a precise account of the way a certain group of Americans talk and act. I admire the author's skill and honesty in such faithful reporting; but I wonder if some of its numerous readers feel as I do, that there is a certain monotony in such prolonged moronism? I should like the book better if there were less of it.

In addition to *Our Town*, other new plays that make exciting reading are *On Borrowed Time*, by Paul Osborn, the most diverting of the new pieces of the present season; *Shadow and Substance*, by Paul V. Carroll, one of the best dramas that have come out of Ireland; *Susan and God*, by Rachel Crothers. She is the best woman playwright in America, and this is her masterpiece.

Books mentioned, their publishers and prices:

A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland. Macmillan. \$2.50.—*Our Town*. Thornton Wilder. Coward-McCann. \$2.—*Beyond Dark Hills*. Jesse Stuart. Dutton. \$3.50.—*A History of the Business Man*. Miriam Beard. Macmillan. \$5.—*Fifty South to Fifty South*. Warwick Tompkins. Norton. \$3.—*Kindling*. Nevil Shute. Morrow. \$2.50.—*The Lonely Debate*. Houston Peterson. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.75.—*A Study of the Modern Drama*. Barrett H. Clark. Appleton-Century. \$3.50.—*Blue Mask at Bay*. Anthony Morton. Lippincott. \$2.—*The Corpse with the Blue Cravat*. R. A. J. Walling. Morrow. \$2.—*What People Said*. W. L. White. Viking Press. \$3.—*On Borrowed Time*. Paul Osborn. Knopf. \$2.—*Shadow and Substance*. Paul V. Carroll. Random House. \$2.—*Susan and God*. Rachel Crothers. Random House. \$2.

Photo: Vandamm, Courtesy Jed Harris



Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and John Craven in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, Pulitzer Prize winner. Note the minimum of stage scenery.

Seven Scenes at the Asian Conference

THE First Regional Conference of Rotary in Middle Asia is now history. But for the delegates who for three April days attended the meetings held at Penang, Straits Settlements, as representatives of Rotary Clubs in the Netherlands Indies, Federated Malay States, Sarawak, Siam, Straits Settlements, Burma, Ceylon, and India, it was a memorable experience. In addition to the unusual adventure in fellowship, it provided an excellent opportunity to observe the

influence of Rotary in a region where it is comparatively new.

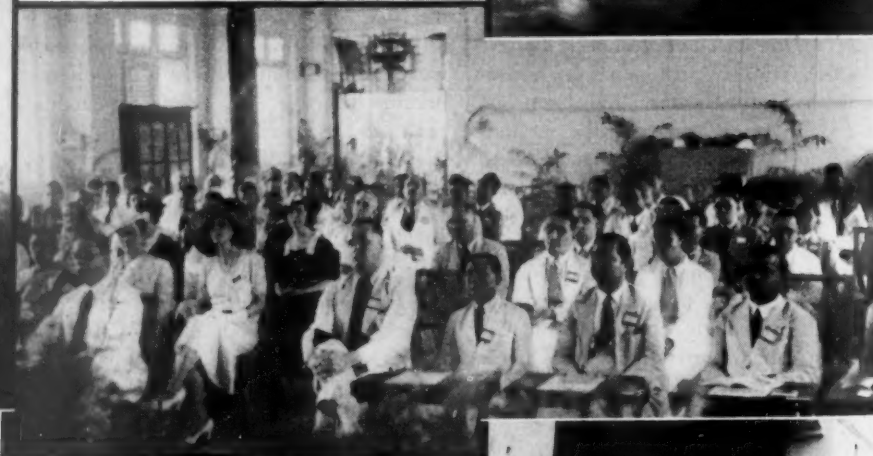
To be present at and to address the discussion-filled Conference, Rotary's President, Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, France, accompanied by Madame Duperrey, made the trip from France by airplane. Upon their arrival the camera caught them, moved with them through the Conference sessions, hovered near by as they visited Penang, beauty spot of the Far East.



The Duperreys are greeted (above) at the airport. . . . A welcoming hand (right) extends to President Duperrey, as Richard Sidney, Secretary for Asia, looks on.



President Duperrey (above) addresses the assembled Rotarians—his words are broadcast.



Delegates from Rotary Clubs in three Districts (79, 80, 89) and their ladies listen attentively (above) to the discussions of Rotary in lands of Middle Asia.



Rickshaws are plentiful in Penang. The Duperreys (above) each try one—the camera records the incident.



M. Duperrey and Penang Rotary Club President Grumitt (left) . . . and Mme. Duperrey (above).



Photo: Volgtläner

Rotary Around the World

Brief news notes mirroring the varied activities of the Rotary movement

Union of South Africa

Lads Have Their Day

EAST LONDON—Looked forward to in the East London Rotary Club's year is the annual Boys' Day, at which time six lads from each of the local schools are invited to a Club luncheon. At the most recent, two senior boys voiced appreciation of the young guests.

Rumania

Help Aged; Accommodate Tourists

TIMIȘOARA—So that a number of aged people of the community may be properly cared for, the Rotary Club of Timișoara regularly provides them with food and clothing. Also, the Club maintains a Rotary cabin "to encourage touring in the region of the 'Muntele Mic,' for the well-being of the young people of the cities and the population of surrounding areas."

Czechoslovakia

Help for Health

BRNO—A member of the Rotary Club of Brno provides necessary funds annually so that a student in delicate health may have access to curative treatment. Another member pays the expenses of a student at a Summer camp.

Switzerland

Jurist Given Fellowship

So that there may be a wider understanding of the judicial problems of public and private international law, Rotarians of Switzerland offer annually a fellowship at the Academy of International Law at The Hague. Thus, they aim through a growing body of jurists to further Rotary's program of international understanding and goodwill.

Egypt

Direct Deaf and Mute School

ALEXANDRIA—The school for the deaf and mute at Sporting, Ramleh, the only institution of its kind in Egypt, has been placed under the patronage of the Rotary Club of Alexandria. The creation of the school was due to the philanthropic efforts of Mrs. Semly Tsotsou, a resident of Alexandria, who has expended her entire resources on the school. Of great assistance

to the institution in its work is the eminent French specialist Dr. Parel, of Paris.

Straits Settlements

400 Lads Enjoy Sports Day

PENANG—A major item on the Boys Work program of the Rotary Club of Penang is the sponsorship of a boys' club, which yearly holds a sports day at its grounds. At the most recent outing, the 400 boys present quickly dispatched a rice and curry dinner after the prizes had been awarded to the winners of the day's activities.

Scotland

Visit the Friendship House!

The Rotary Clubs of Scotland have made a House of Friendship available to Rotarians and their families who attend the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow this Summer and early Fall. Located near the Industrial Pavilion, it serves as a center of information and assistance as well as a meeting place for friends old and new.

China

Organize Fight on Malaria

TIENSIN—The Rotary Club of Tientsin has initiated an antimalaria campaign in the city.

England

A Chair by the Fire

DARTFORD—A comfortable chair, a game of chess or cards, a chance to read good books, perhaps time for looking at oil paintings on the wall, or maybe just reminiscing before a crackling fire. What older person hasn't wished for those bits of enjoyment? All of them—and more—

Blind Roy Thompson, of the Rotary Club of Calgary, Alta., Canada, with Wanda—his "eyes." So they might share the cost of his trip to The Seeing Eye, at Morristown, N. J., for training incident to securing a guide dog, fellow Rotarians of the Calgary Club gave \$500. Rotarian Thompson is the executive officer of the Canadian Institute for the Blind of Southern Alberta.

When Rotarians from Clubs in District 83 met for their Conference at Beyrouth, Syria, they welcomed Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, France, President of Rotary International.

have been made available in the Veterans of Industry Club which the Rotary Club of Dartford has sponsored and furnished for retired men of 60 and over.

Australia

Build Understanding through Paper

A monthly publication containing information on international affairs is to be produced jointly by the Rotary Clubs of Adelaide and Unley.

Belgium

Aid Education and Job Finding

BRUSSELS—In the last ten years more than 30 orphaned or underprivileged children have been "adopted" by members of the Rotary Club of Brussels, who make it possible for the children to obtain a number of years' schooling and then assist them to find jobs.

Canada

Marks Fall As Diners Eat

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—All attendance records were exceeded at the 15th Annual Bull Sale Luncheon which the Kamloops Rotary Club and the Board of Trade jointly sponsored. Of the 120 who dined, more than half were buyers and sellers of livestock and horses, who were attending the annual Provincial sale.

Lady's Talk Features Ladies' Night

OSHAWA, ONT.—Annually does the Rotary Club of Oshawa invite the members' ladies to a meeting. At the most recent, the speaker was Miss Agnes Macphail, a member of Parliament and the first woman ever elected to the Dominion House of Commons.

Theater Party Nets \$600 for Camp

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—So that some 190 underprivileged youngsters might enjoy two weeks' vacation at a Summer camp which it

Photo: Eric Bland



backs, the Rotary Club of New Westminster recently sponsored a theater party. A well-balanced program of entertainment netted approximately \$600 for the purpose.

United States of America

Business Backs Boys

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.—Getting started in a job after schooldays are over is no easy matter for a youth. But the outlook is less bleak when one's efforts are backed by a group of businessmen. The Rotary Club of Council Bluffs for the past two years has been bringing potential employees and possible employers together. More than 60 young people were placed in jobs the first year the plan was in effect.

'Pasts' Aid 'Present'

MUSCATINE, IOWA.—Not in the Rotary Club of Muscatine is there a problem as to how the invaluable experience which the Club's Past Presidents acquired while in office shall be utilized. They compose a Past Presidents Club, which acts as an "ex-officio cabinet" for the incumbent President and officers. Thus can policies be subjected to the searching rays of experience and wisdom before they are adopted.

Make Youngsters of Oldsters

EAST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Want to keep yourself and your fellow Rotary Club members young? How? Rotarians of East Los Angeles are finding the answer in a softball team, with so much interest displayed that players are shifted frequently during a game so that all may play. Neighboring Clubs are taking hold of the idea, and a league looms on the horizon.

Give Book a Boost

ARNOLD, NEBR.—The youngsters in Arnold wanted to publish a school annual. But, they found on investigation, it would take more money than was available. The Rotary Club offered to help, the offer was accepted, and as a token of appreciation the staff of the annual

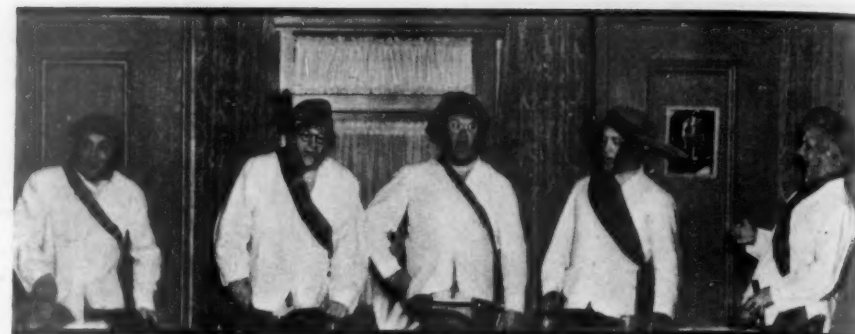


Photo: Elliot Fisher

"High jinks" with a Scottish accent proved an entertaining spot on a program the Asheville, N. C., Rotary Club presented at its annual ladies' night party.

included in the book's pages a picture of the Rotary wheel with photographs of Arnold Rotarians arranged along the gear teeth and spokes.

In Budget: \$100 for Books

KELSO, WASH.—When, two years ago, the Rotary Club of Kelso arranged to have a "Rotary Section" in the local library, members were requested to give books which might, in the opinion of the institution's staff, be valuable and helpful to the reading public. Now each year the librarian submits a list of new and desirable books and the Rotarians provide \$100 for their purchase.

Organize, Boost Boy Builders

WOODBURN, OREG.—"We're organized for service" was the consensus of the recently organized Rotary Club of Woodburn. As a result, a 4-H Boys' Builders Club is being sponsored by the Rotarians, who will provide the essential tools, the work to be supervised by junior high-school instructors.

Authors for a Day

PORTLAND, IND.—"Know thyself" is a challenging injunction, but likewise is "Know thy fellow members." And to make the latter pos-

sible and interesting, the Rotary Club of Portland adopted a unique plan. Each member drew the name of a fellow member, privately did some research among his family and business associates if necessary, was given two weeks in which to fashion a 300-word biography. At successive meetings were the pen products read by others than those who had written them.

'Sent with Our Compliments!'

LAKELAND, FLA.—Across the miles which separate the Rotary Club of Lakeland from the Rotary Club of Reading, Mich., went, not long ago, boxes filled with 400 choice oranges—a congratulatory "message" to the latter Club on its recent founding. To each piece of fruit was attached a card containing the Lakeland Rotarians' compliments.

Discover Need for Human Compasses

PHOENIXVILLE, PA.—Young lads need direction. If it's missing in the home, then its source must be elsewhere. A number of years ago the Rotary Club of Phoenixville determined to supply that direction for a group of youngsters who had stepped "out of bounds." A boys' club was formed; the lads entered into the idea enthusiastically. Under wise leadership boys were trained in the elements of good citizenship. It has meant practical Community Service for the city.

Turn Roaming to Roasting

WALLINGFORD, VT.—This particular buffalo had led a good life, but, like some buffaloes will, had decided to cause trouble once he grew up. So when his owner dispatched him on the one-way road to buffalo heaven, there were lo! many fragments. So to a member of the Wallingford Rotary Club went a buffalo roast, which, when the chef had finished the necessary workmanship, provided as savory a dish as Wallingford Rotarians could desire.

Deserving Students Get Help

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Even when the desire for further education is present, often young men and women of the community do not have the necessary funds to continue. Hence the Somerville Rotary Educational Fund, Inc., a creation of the Rotary Club of Somerville. Possessed of a capital of \$6,361.50 at the close of 1937, 81 percent of the fund was out on loan to deserving students.

Give of Self on Service Front

BRADFORD, PA.—Community Service isn't merely a high-sounding phrase in the Rotary Club of Bradford. Fourteen years ago, members pioneered in Crippled Children Work in the city and county. Surveys of needs were conducted; clinics were held; necessitous operations and treatment were provided. As the work grew,

Famed Crown of the Andes (left) held by Rotarian Warren Piper, of Chicago, admired by Miss Mercedes Rehm, daughter of Chicago Rotarian C. A. Rehm, at the Chicago Rotary Club's four-day Business Recovery Exposition (below). The varied exhibits of 75 Chicago Rotarians were viewed by more than 18,500 people.

Photo: Stadler



other organizations awoke to the need, and joined Rotary in the founding of the McKean Society for Crippled Children. More than 2,500 children have been examined, 1,000 given treatment. More than \$60,000 has been spent. . . . But Bradford Rotarians have not rested on the splendid record they have made. Though not a Club project, an automobile-driving course, which is a part of the regular school curriculum, is headed by two Bradford Rotarians. . . . Bradford's Past Presidents aren't permitted to sit back once they have served a term in office. Rather, they form the Lighthouse Committee, which serves to provide constructive help for incumbent officers, make suggestions for shaping and reshaping policies. The Immediate Past President serves as Chairman of the Committee.

Boost Purebred-Stock Production

DELAWARE, OHIO—The production of purebred livestock is important, believe the members of the Rotary Club of Delaware. To encourage it, the Club is presenting a purebred gilt to qualifying youths affiliated with 4-H Clubs or Future Farmers of America, or enrolled in vocational agricultural courses in the city or in Delaware County. Each youth is permitted to select the gilt from any breed he elects, but must return to the Club two gilts when reared from his sow's first litter. The program will thus become self-perpetuating.

Provide \$200 for Vitamins

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.—Young bodies need the nourishing vitamins which milk gives. Many children have it regularly. But for the community's undernourished youngsters who, because of circumstances, are deprived of it, the Rotary Club of North Attleboro spends approximately \$200 annually for the distribution of milk.

Boy Sponsorship Marches On

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.—They believe in boy sponsorship in the Rotary Club of Middletown. It all started several years ago when 48 Rotarians

So fellow members of the Waterloo, Iowa, Rotary Club might recognize cow quality, Rotarian Hugh Van Pelt (left) brought this Jersey to a meeting, told her many qualifications.

were assigned 48 lads whose chances in life had been circumscribed by economic circumstances. To a Christmas dinner were these youngsters taken; since then the Rotarians and their "pals" have had ample opportunity to get better acquainted. Y. M. C. A. memberships were presented to a number of the boys, though not gifts but advice and counsel are the primary purpose of the plan. At a recent meeting the Club initiated the sponsoring of another group of 35 boys. A "Rotarian Pal Information Sheet" gives each sponsor necessary information concerning his boy's background, interests, and associations.

Sponsor Drive for Safe Driving

TUNICA, MISS.—Safe driving has taken on new impetus in the community under the initiative of the Rotary Club of Tunica. Thirty days of work laid the groundwork for the campaign, which ran for a similar period. It represented Community Service with a purpose—and a result.

Congratulations!

The Rotary Club of ATLANTA, GA., celebrated its 25th anniversary recently. . . . A quarter century of service to the community was commemorated by the Rotarians of RICHMOND, VA. . . . Twenty-five birthdays have been recorded by the Rotary Club of PEORIA, ILL. . . . Rotarians of STAMFORD, CONN., commemorated the 15th anniversary of their Club's founding not long ago. . . . The Rotary Club of WARE, MASS., celebrated its tenth birthday anniversary. . . . The Rotary Club of ALLIANCE, OHIO, was founded 21 years ago. All meetings in a recent month



Photo: Waterloo Daily Courier

had programs to celebrate that event. One featured the Rotary Quartet Homecoming, at which three of the four members who formed the famed Alliance quartet of two decades ago came back, added a fourth member, presented a program of songs. . . . When the NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Rotary Club observed its 18th anniversary, a copy of THE ROTARIAN was presented to all former Rotarians who were guests at the Club luncheon.

No Excuses Wanted

SENATOBIA, MISS.—A summons to jury duty, to many citizens, starts a hurried collecting of excuses which might serve as a basis of exemption. The Rotary Club of Senatobia embarked recently on a campaign to get its members more interested in serving on juries when called and to abandon attempts to circumvent an obligation of citizenship.

It Was Youth's Week

Around the Rotary world, Clubs sponsor or help to sponsor Boys' and Girls' Week activities. For instance, responsibilities and privileges of public office took on new and deeper meaning for high-school youth of Porter County, Ind.,

Rotarians' sons and daughters delivered addresses, filled Club offices, at the Boys' and Girls' Week meeting of the Schenectady, N. Y., Rotary Club (right). . . . Ten thousand Ohio Valley children (below) participated in the Youth and Conservation Day program which Rotarians of Wheeling, W. Va., sponsored during Boys' and Girls' Week.



when, in a program sponsored by the Rotary Club of Valparaiso and culminating during Boys' and Girls' Week, high-school students studying civics and history met in a series of meetings to learn the mechanics of State, county, and city government. Qualifying students were divided into political parties, and their names affixed to a ballot for a city or county office. An election by the group determined those who would for a day during Boys' and Girls' Week hold 27 offices in the city of Valparaiso and the county of Porter. The city "officials" took their places in the City Hall; the county "officials," in the County Courthouse. A city council meeting was held, a girl "county clerk" issued marriage licenses, boys acted as judges, a "sheriff" administered his office. Later as guests of the Rotary Club, the 27 young people heard addresses, received booklets detailing phases of government.

At Hermosa Beach, Calif., the Rotary Club invited students from the high school and grade school—98 of them—to be its guests at a luncheon. Each Rotarian made certain his two guests

For years the Haywire Orchestra of Madera, Calif., has performed at community and rural meetings in the San Joaquin Valley. Madera Rotarians and Lions compose its personnel.

were properly served and entertained. So successful was the affair that it is to become an annual event. . . . To focus attention on Boys' and Girls' Week, the Rotary Club of St. Paul, Minn., dedicated a meeting to the youth of the city, invited to it 26 young people who had performed deeds worthy of public recognition, broadcast the entire program by radio. Two lads were newsboy champions in securing new subscriptions for their paper; one girl was the best all-round pupil in her school; another guest was an outstanding debater; another had won a model-airplane contest; another was a singer. To each of the 26 boys and girls went a St. Paul Rotary Youth Achievement Award. . . . Twenty-four sons and daughters manned the head table when at a meeting of the Rotary



Photo: Schmoor

Club of Schenectady, N. Y., during Boys' and Girls' Week they acted as officers and Committee Chairmen of the Club, provided music, addressed the assembled group on varied questions. The dads pronounced the work well done, were glad they had asked their 44 sons and daughters to be present. . . . In the Conservation and Youth Day program which the Rotary Club of Wheeling, W. Va., sponsored during Boys' and Girls' Week, 37 youth agencies cooperated, 10,000 children of the Ohio Valley participated, a pageant was presented which emphasized the need of conserving the nation's natural resources, and an 85-piece high-school band gave a concert.

Sponsor Day at Chautauqua

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.—Famed Chautauqua will be the setting of a Chautauqua Rotary Day celebration July 14—Bastille Day—when Rotary Clubs comprising District 169 will sponsor a program. Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, France, Immediate Past President of Rotary International, will deliver an address of international significance.

They Believe in Things Dynamic

LAREDO, TEX.—To the members of the Rotary Club of Laredo the Objects of Rotary are dynamic, not static. Proof? Read on: The Rotary Club has purchased an oxygen tent, which has been made available to doctors and the area within the "territorial limits of Laredo" without charge. . . . The Club members played host recently to Boy Scout officials, masters, leaders, and Boy Scouts of the area—some 300 attending. . . . International amity between Mexico and the United States was furthered in a meeting at which a Mexican holiday, the Cinco de Mayo, was celebrated. Chairman of the program was the American consul; the speaker, the Mexican consul—both members of the Laredo Club. Mexican songs and dances enlivened the affair, to which high ranking officials stationed at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, were invited.

Often Is Heard an Encouraging Word

LAWTON, OKLA.—Encouragement is more than a word in the dictionaries of members of the Rotary Club of Lawton, Okla. It is something which is at the foundation of the back-to-school movement which they conduct among ninth-grade boys every year. The lads are invited to a breakfast as guests of the Club, talks are given which emphasize the value of continued education, and members then keep in touch with the boys and urge them to return to school.

They Shared the Speaker

LA MESA, CALIF.—The speaker at a regular meeting of the Rotary Club of La Mesa had told facts of importance to the entire community. So that many more could hear him, the La Mesa Club and the near-by Rotary Club of El Cajon arranged an open meeting and 500 people—the hall's capacity—attended. The speaker was Dr. Royal Raymond Rife, famed pathologist.



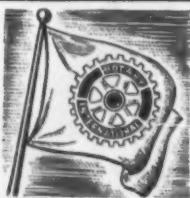
Rotarian Almanack 1938

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can let alone.

—Thoreau

JULY

—the seventh month, has 31 days. Julius Caesar gave it his first name.



Rotary's flag consists of a white field with the Rotary emblem emblazoned in royal blue and gold in the center. When displayed as a Club flag, the words *Rotary Club* are lettered above the wheel, the names of city and State below. The flag was adopted in 1914, has never changed except as the wheel itself has sustained change.

—YE MAN WITH YE SCRATCHPAD.

- 1891, Rotary's Founder, Paul P. Harris, arrives in San Francisco, Calif., to work on the staff of the *Chronicle*.
- 1927, First issue of *South African Rotary* (which later became *Rotary in Africa*) is published at East London.
- 1—1933, District 78, comprising the Clubs in Sweden, is established.
- 7—1923, The Rotary Club of Ostend, later to be host to an international Convention, is organized as Belgium's first Club.
- 1934, First issue of the *Revue Hebdomadaire du 61e District*, published in French for Rotarians of Belgium, appears.
- 10—1919, Panama enters Rotary with the organization of a Club in Panama City.
- 11—1938, The Board of Directors of Rotary International for 1938-39 convenes in Chicago, Ill.
- 1933, *Jugoslavenski Rotar*, monthly publication of the Rotary Clubs of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, printed in Serbo-Croatian, comes off the press.
- 1919, Rotary enters Asia with the organization of a Club in Shanghai, China.
- 31—1886, Almon E. Roth, 19th President of Rotary International, is born.

Total Rotary Clubs in the world (June 9, 1938) 4,686; and the total number of Rotarians (estimated), 198,300.



When Rotary Raises Its Voice

Club singing—is it a boon or a bane? Here follow excerpts from articles, speeches, and letters—many of them being comments on Sing, You Rotarians!, by Sigmund Spaeth, which appeared in the June issue of THE ROTARIAN.

Squeaks, Grunts, Thrills

Rotarian J. Van Chandler, dentist, of Kingsville, Texas, and Club President:

"Fellows," said the President of a certain Rotary Club, "our Program Chairman for the day has not shown up, and it appears that we have no program. Let's sing to kill time."

Singing should not kill, rather it should lengthen, time. Singing should touch the springs of our fancies and should make our lives seem quicker and more vital.

Rotary has inspired a new kind of singing. As jazz music has been called just a jumble of jingles and rattles set to rhythm, so Rotary singing has been called just a jumble of squeaks and grunts without much rhythm. But what man doesn't get a thrill or a good laugh when a blating tenor yells out above all other voices—perhaps two tones off key—and gets tangled in the strains of *Sweet Adeline*?* What man, standing by a bass singer who never changes his tone on any song, won't begin singing, if for no other reason than to drown out that monotonous tone? Or, what man, even though he cannot even whisper a note, doesn't feel the urge to whistle when a lively, familiar tune strikes up? All these together produce Rotary singing—not always beautiful harmony—but sincere and inspiring harmony, nevertheless.

There are few men in any Club who will not sing if given a chance. Wise song leaders will not embarrass timid men by calling out names or approaching them in private, but rather will encourage them by tactfully selecting good singers to stand by them, sharing the book.

If some cannot enter into singing readily, the leader can use action songs or can prescribe whistling parts or whole songs, or pass around little noise makers. In time that "impossible" man will willingly take part. Maybe he will show his interest by feeling free to call for some fancied song.

Rotary singing need not be perfect harmony, but it must be inspiring. The leader need not be a soloist, but he should be capable of carrying the tune and developing enthusiasm for Rotary singing. Also, he must always remember to sing the melody and not tenor or bass when directing. The best song leader is he who can get the fellows to sing, regardless of his own voice. *The men are not taking singing lessons.* They are merely letting explode some very human enthusiasm and sentiment. What matter if it is not in perfect harmony?

A French View of Club Singing

Rotarian Virgil Hollingsworth, candy maker, of Augusta, Georgia:

Why Not—Sing? was answered by a President of the Paris, France, Rotary Club several years ago. The circumstances were as follows:

I was in Paris and "making attendance" at their Club. On entering the reception room prior to the luncheon, I espied a distinguished-

looking man whose face was familiar, but for the moment I could not place him. I said to the Frenchman who had me in tow, "I know that man! Who is he?"

"You should know him," he replied. "That is M. Paul Harris, who is to speak to us."

Paul Harris did speak—and what an address! He covered more ground than I ever heard before or since, in the most attractive manner, setting forth the aims, ideal, and purposes of Rotary.

In the course of his address he expressed wonder and surprise that the French Rotarians did not sing in their meetings. He explained that the spirit of good fellowship was fostered very strongly by group singing, and commended the practice for their consideration.

At the close of his speech a fine, jovial-looking Frenchman, President of the Paris Club, arose and said:

"I would like to answer Paul Harris and explain why we do not sing in our French Rotary Clubs. Some years ago some of our members made enough money on you rich Americans to take a trip to America. While there they attended your Rotary Clubs and heard you sing. That, gentlemen, is the reason why we in France do not sing in our Rotary meetings."

While we in America understand their point of view without wholly sympathizing with it, most of us feel that even poor singing is better than no singing—so I join with you in saying, "Sing, Men, Sing!"

'Enjoyable Indulgence'

Rotarian William A. Duncan, surgeon, Russellville, Kentucky:

... In our larger Clubs group singing has been more or less relegated to a back seat. These big fellows seem to feel it is undignified and a waste of valuable time to join in singing the songs of yore or at efforts at harmonizing, *à la* barbershop, on such classics as *Sweet Adeline*, *Love Me and the World Is Mine*, or even *My Wild Irish Rose*. True, some of these do arise and devote 30 seconds to one verse of *America* or even one minute and ten seconds to our national anthem—in the latter case with results, in many instances, not altogether worthy of the subject!

Mind you, this does not apply to all our large Clubs, for I recall a visit with the Washington, D. C., Club and another with the Cincinnati, Ohio, Club, where the members truly opened our eyes as to what Club singing really meant. In the smaller Clubs group singing is still one of the main features and truly one of the most enjoyable indulgences, permitting everybody to "get in" on the program and play a part therein.

This being true, some of us feel our official publication should devote at least some of its space to the boosting of Club singing and to the assistance of our song leaders in their constant search for new words to old songs with which to enliven our gatherings, develop latent talent, and make the Rotary hour an unforgettable event, harmoniously speaking.

At any rate, the writer feels the idea is worth

investigation and therefore suggests that through the columns of THE ROTARIAN the question of opening such a column be brought to the attention of Rotary, generally requesting comments on the suggestion. If these replies indicate a real demand for such a column, we feel sure THE ROTARIAN would be happy to offer it. . . .

Anxious to serve its readers, THE ROTARIAN would, as Rotarian Duncan surmises, be happy indeed to present such a column if there were such a demand and if space permitted. But to avoid the risk of overdepartmentalizing, THE ROTARIAN will continue to cover the subject of singing in not infrequent articles, such as Sigmund Spaeth's *It Isn't Sissy to Like Music* (Oct., 1936) and *Sing, You Rotarians!* (June, 1938). —THE EDITORS.

As a Songbook Sees It

Rotarian Alexander Berne, piano teacher, of Newark, New Jersey, in the Rotaricogitator, his Club's weekly bulletin:

Well, here I am again! Every Tuesday I get a chance to see the daylight and listen to the fellows gabbing at my table. It's no fun being cooped up in a big pasteboard box for a whole week and when we're taken out and spread around the room at noon, we're kinda hopin' for some excitement. It would help a lot if we could listen to the speaker, but, so often, the fellows at my table talk incessantly and make it impossible for us to hear what's going on at the President's table.

Darn it! There goes another hunk of butter all over my coat. That's the second week in succession that's happened to me. I don't like it at all, but maybe the boys think it a-grease with me. If the fellows would spread us around as freely as they spread the butter all over us, perhaps they'd do some singing. I imagine a lot of them have tonsil trouble. That can't be, however, when you consider how eager they are to let the fellows hear a "brand-new one."

When you figure that "acquaintanceship" is one of the spokes of Rotary, it seems funny that the boys don't try to get acquainted with us. We've got a lot of good stuff in us and we could help a lot if the members would only let us cooperate. But, do you know something? It happens, several weeks running, that we lie on the table without getting a chance even to stretch our pages. What do you think about that?

There goes the bell! Maybe we get a break this week. Ouch! What a Rotarian! He just set that heavy water bottle right on the whole bunch of us. Gee, but that's heavy! I guess we don't sing this week.

Well, the meeting's over. That was a swell speech—what we heard of it. If the fellows would make as much noise singing as they do adjourning, they'd be good. Now back in the box for another week. . . . Gee, but it's hot in this room and especially up here on this high shelf. I guess I'll take a snooze. I'm sure tired from doin' nothin'. Ho, hum. . . . Bzzzz-z-z.

A Blast from 'Strick'

Strickland Gillilan, American humorist and writer, former member of the Rotary Club of Washington, D. C.:

Come, fellow Rotarian, join me at the wailing wall. Have a wail on me.

For I would speak in hushed and horrified tones of the more or less melodious drollery indulged in at most luncheon-club meetings;



* See THE ROTARIAN, May, 1933, page 39, for letter from *Sweet Adeline's* composer, Rotarian Harry Armstrong, of New York City.

I would point out, with becoming brevity, the inanity, the banality (there's a word, boys, as is a word!) of the songsheet horse-plumage that could easily be replaced with something that might possibly come within the mental scope of persons over 12 who are not suffering from arrested development.

Take, for instance (yes, take it and welcome! I don't want it!), that song *Let Me Call You Sweethearts*. The sight of a bevy of hairy-chested he-men bawling that sentimental slush into one another's blushing faces is enough to make especially stolid and poker-faced angels—even ex-New England angels who came from that land of mirth control and proportionate control of the other emotions—bust out crying. "Eyes so blue"—nobody in a song ever refers to any other kind of eyes. To jimmy into a song, eyes must be blue!

But the crowning absurdity, the bellwether of this parade of tuneful tosh, is that one about "I want a girl," etc. The song expresses the alleged desire of every man present to have a girl exactly like the one that married dear old dad. Now the singer (there are such cases, ungallant as it may be to refer to it) may be singing it with the consciousness that the girl who really overtook and married his dear old dad was something of a cross between a hellion and a tartar and kept the aforesaid mushily-referred-to d.o.d. jumping sidewise. She may have been unable to boil water without scorching it. She may have given d.o.d. the run-around like nobody's business.

But the thing about that song that almost breaks the heart (or turns the stomach) of a lot of men in even the dumbest gathering is that it declares she "was the only girl that daddy ever had." Why, the poor old dud! What an unenterprising flat tire he must have been!

And what a dirty deal it was to "the girl that married dear old dad" for him to marry her out of hand before he'd taken that necessary precaution (that prevents regret after shopping) at least to look the others over and make sure she really was the number he wanted so that he wouldn't be tempted to go on shopping around after the deal had been closed and delivery accepted.

I have listened to—yes, I have participated in, loudly and "basso-istically"—the characteristic songsheet atrocities. It is my belief that if they must have something of that general level of unintelligence, they should stick to *Sweet Adeline*, that dumbest of dumb outbursts, that calls for *spiritus frumenti*-flavored barbershop chords in profusion. It has no less sense than the others—has, indeed, the distinction of not pretending to mean anything whatever, even when "without a shirt" is not laughingly interposed by the crack cutups of the outfit.

And the song has the distinct advantage of being one we can come nearer singing than most of the others.

I am wondering whether there is any law, or any rule in noonday clubs, to keep the boys from having a little organization that meets 15 or 20 minutes a week to learn how to harmonize some real music instead of the blah-blah balderdash usually served up. Some clubs do this, and they have just as good a time as they would if they sang trifling tripe.

There is hardly any club that can't scare up a male chorus of greater or less numerical strength. And every song leader I know would be much happier leading the men in singing

genuine music than in conducting a grown-up kindergarten in "Do you know the muffin man?" or "Good morning, dear tea-cher." Song leading doesn't make morons—it just develops them.

Huh?

Somewhat Neglectful?

Rotarian Jack Sullivan, Salvation Army Officer, Corry, Pennsylvania:

I have been a Rotarian for 12 years. In my Club my classification is Salvation Army Officer.

In Rotary we are very particular as to whom we have for a speaker, his caliber, experience, etc. We are particular about the class of hotel where our luncheons are held. In fact, we are particular about everything in Rotary and we should be. But I wonder if we are not somewhat neglectful about our singing.

From personal observation I believe that Rotary singing is as important as any part of our luncheon program. Singing seems to loosen us up. Singing seems to draw us closer together. Singing seems to create a more jovial spirit among our fellow Rotarians. Singing seems to help us to forget, for the time being at least, some of our cares and responsibilities. Singing seems to appeal to our luncheon guests and they go away feeling that it was good to have met with us.

I belong to an organization that has sung itself around the world. I also belong to a singing Rotary Club, but I have visited Clubs where the singing lacked the spirit of song. We may have the best speakers, the best luncheons, a good balance in our treasury, and yet lack the very thing that would make us a successful Rotary Club—and that is singing.

'It All Depends'

Rotarian R., of Sydney, Australia, in The Pinion, Australian Rotary magazine:

Why do we sing? Come, now, why do we? Does anybody really know? Do you? Of course you don't.

Neither do I. Still it's time you and I did a little quiet thinking about it. Because it's quite possible that the world would be a better and more habitable place if we didn't. What I'm driving at is this: Would the folk downstairs, upstairs, and across the way miss much if they didn't hear our song? Of course, the answer is, as usual, it all depends. In this case it depends on what we sing—the quantity, quality, and variety of music we make, and the sentiment, poetry, and literary values of the words we sing.

There have been times when I've been proud that my wheezy baritone-cum-bass played its part in adding to the volume (if not the quality) of the sound which reached the busy outside world. And there have been times when I have eyed with hatred the tacks that held the carpet to the floor. Had it been loose I could have crawled under it with a sigh of relief.

Now it isn't possible to sort songs (or any music for that matter) into two heaps and arbitrarily label this lot *good* and that *bad*. But we can be sure of some guiding principles, some indicators, and a Rotary Club should pay attention to them.

For example: songs of sloppy sentimentalism, songs of washy insincerity, songs that brag and boast—are poor songs.

Songs about the glory and splendor and magnificence of Rotary are awful, more especially when they spell it "Rotaree," or "Rot'ry," or *R-O-T-A-R-Y Spells Rotary*. Just plain awful!

I've even felt that the fine sentiment of our *Men of Anzac* should not have borrowed a tune so steeped in the sentiment and musical idiom of an allied but different race. What would the men of Harlech, the folk who gave to the world of song, story, and poetry such institutions as the eisteddfods, have thought of rhymes like "holler," "foller"? Wallow in music is bad, but, omgosh, what do you think of "waller"? No! Not even the poet's anonymity ("No one knows who wrote this patter. If we did, it wouldn't matter") can excuse it.

Now let the skeptics, those tolerant folk who could forgive almost anything, take a look at Number 11 in *Songs for the Rotary Club*. It begins, "Onward, Sons of Rotary." Just that.

And it is sung to the tune of *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. It is sung here, in Australia, in New South Wales, and, unless something is done about it, it may yet be sung in my own Club.

Now, I'm neither pious nor devout. My worst enemies would never charge me with that—not those who know me. But there are times when even I jib . . . like a Missouri mule. No, I won't sing *Sons of Rotary*. Not to the tune of *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

Well, should we sing? I don't know. But I think it largely depends on what we sing.

Homemade Music Best?

Rotarian Lynn C. Osincup, pharmaceutical chemist, of Waverly, Iowa, in an address to his Club:

. . . Radio has brought real music into homes that never heard it before; an awakening in music has come in our schools, and the beginning of a further advance has appeared experimentally during the last few years. This is the presentation of world-renowned stars of opera and concert stage in sound moving pictures. . .

All this means lots of fun and enjoyment for us, but is it not true that the average person enjoys best, music that he makes himself, no matter how poor that music may be?

Hence our Rotary Club singing; hence the training of our boys and girls in voice and instruments, which training also increases the ability to enjoy fine music.

'All Mezzo-brows'

Charles Peaker, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, in an address to the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ontario, Canada:

. . . What does music bring you; what do painting, literature, and sculpture mean to you? Are you interested in drama? Are you a high-brow or a low-brow? I'll answer that one, and say that we are all "mezzo-brows," with varying degrees of discrimination. You see, the intelligent appreciation of all art depends on the understanding, and thus we get out of it just what we put into it. After all, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Bach were men "with like passions as we ourselves," as Paul says—and thus their works are our common heritage. I may not paint like Turner nor write like Wordsworth, but I can, thank God, feel the same emotions as they did, when I see a sunset over the lonely moors of my native Yorkshire. Furthermore, I shall be a better musician if I can go to see Turner's pictures [Continued on page 58]





Photo: Harold P. Brown

These attractive bronze plaques have been awarded to winners in the Club-of-the-Year Contest for 1936-37. For distinguished achievement in Club, Vocational, Community, and International Service in 1937-38 similar awards are to be made.

Will Your Rotary Club Be a 1937-38 Club-of-the-Year?

THERE'S a thrilling story back of many a project initiated by Rotary Clubs. Too often, such stories are known only locally. If told to the world, they might point the way to new forms of service for other Clubs . . . The Club-of-the-Year Contest is a means for making such stories widely known and, through public recognition, to stimulate a wholesome rivalry among Clubs. Upon the recommendation of the magazine committee, this second Club-of-the-Year Contest has been approved by the board of directors of Rotary International. *Any Rotary Club, regardless of size or location, may enter!*

Club Service. What is your Club doing to develop fellowship, to better attendance, to encourage an understanding and extension of Rotary, to promote worthy hobbies for Rotarians? Let other Clubs know how yours is interpreting Rotary's First Object, by entering this contest.

Community Service. Does your Club assist youth in your community? What is it doing for crippled children, for civic beautification, for rural-urban acquaintance? Your story of application of Rotary's Third Object may suggest activities to many other Clubs.

Vocational Service. Has your Club done anything to advance high standards of business dealings? Is it an influence in encouraging more ideal employer-employee relations? The way in which your Club is interpreting the Second Object may bring world-wide recognition.

International Service. Is your Club making any organized effort to develop better understanding of peoples of other nations? There are many untold ways of putting Rotary's Fourth Object to work. Let yours be told in the Club-of-the-Year Contest for 1937-38.

A careful reading of the announcement of 1936-37 winners and digests of prize winning entries in the April, 1938, ROTARIAN is recommended to all Clubs.

Plan now for your Club to enter this contest. Address all correspondence to The Contest Editor, THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Dr., Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Brief Facts About the Contest

The Club-of-the-Year Contest for 1937-38 will have four divisions—one each for Club, Vocational, Community, and International Service. To the two Clubs receiving first and second highest rankings in each of the four divisions, an attractive trophy will be awarded for permanent possession. In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be made. Honorable mention will be given to other high ranking Clubs in each division. Announcement of winners will be made in THE ROTARIAN. Presentations will be made at a large Rotary gathering such as a District Conference or International Convention.

How to Enter—Things to Remember

1. Activity or activities written about must be achieved in the Rotary year from July 1, 1937, to June 30, 1938.
2. The contest is open to all Rotary Clubs of the world.
3. There are to be four divisions of the contest—one each for outstanding activities and achievements in the four Services of Rotary: Club, Vocational, Community, and International.
4. Each Rotary Club may have one entry for any one or each one of the four divisions.
5. Entry blanks (complete set attached; copies are being sent to each Club President and Secretary) must be filled out for each division of the contest entered, and be accompanied by a manuscript (limited to 1,000 words in length), telling the story of activities.
6. Authors of contest manuscripts must be members of the Club entered in the contest. (The Club President should appoint a member or members of his Club to be responsible for the preparation of entry blanks and manuscripts.)
7. Entry blank and manuscript must be signed by both the President and Secretary of the Club for 1937-38.
8. Entries must be typewritten, and if language other than English is used for the original manuscript and entry blank, they must be accompanied by a complete English translation.
9. Entries from Clubs in the United States and Canada must be received by THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., on or before September 1, 1938, and those from Clubs in other countries on or before September 15, 1938.
10. All manuscripts are to become the property of Rotary International.

The Judges. The entries will be judged by a committee of past officers of Rotary International. The decisions of the judges will be final. (The personnel of the committee of judges will be announced later.)

occasionally and read Wordsworth's sonnets from time to time . . .

Strain Breaker

Rotarian W. W. Emerson, publisher, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in a paper for Club Program Chairmen:

. . . The Britisher is said to work as hard as the American, but to have the advantage of regularly forgetting it and then playing just as hard. In other words, he alternates his work and play. The American, on the other hand, often finds it hard to drop his work so voluntarily. With him it is more or less of "a continuous performance," which is possibly why we have so many breakdowns of business executives under 50.

This very condition may have made Rotary, with its regular weekly break in "the grind," appeal so strongly to men on this continent. It literally forced them to get away from business worries for an hour or so—to lose themselves in something else, and so get surcease from nerve strains. Good Club singing is an admirable aid quickly to break the connection, and it enables the man to get the greatest amount of good out of his Rotary meeting. . . . It breaks down reserve—that wall of protection with which the shy man, or the busy man anxious to preserve his time, tends to build up around himself. Necessary as this wall may be at times, it is dangerous if resided behind too long at a time. One tends to become cut off from his fellowmen and what first was a defense becomes a prison. Club singing makes it easy to break out of this restricting shell.

Mood-Conditioner

Rotarian Arthur W. Peach, college professor, of Northfield, Vermont:

I believe in a singing Club, for the simple reason that nothing else tunes a group of men into the right mood for fellowship—and some of the speakers from whom they cannot escape. I wonder if new songbooks or songs that men might like could not be noted in THE ROTARIAN—both the good songs for male voices and also novelties. If such notes were prepared by a man who knows what men like to sing—keep away from these high-brow musicians—I am sure the hints would be appreciated and used. As far as my observation goes, the musical angle is a weak one in our Clubs—at least, in the administration of them. I have attended Clubs where leaders were trying to make the men sing songs utterly beyond ordinary voices, for instance. I have found the poorest singing in the weaker Clubs, whereas the strong Clubs are invariably singing Clubs.

Jazz . . . Disgusting

Rotarian Hugh C. Price, professional musician, of LaSalle, Illinois:

So many fine articles regarding music and its benefits have been published in THE ROTARIAN that I am wondering if something cannot be done to improve the music of all Rotary Clubs. Many of the regular tunes in the book are perfectly all right, but when a group of words are printed to be sung to some popular-song tune, I believe we are doing more harm musically than good. Jazz has never benefited anyone musically, and many Rotarians hearing it weekly begin to think it real music and the only kind there is. . . .

As one who has worked 25 years trying to create a better musical background, it is rather disgusting to have to listen to these cheap tunes weekly and to realize that most of the men taking part in the singing believe they are learning real music. What do you say?

The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

A Corner Devoted to the Hobbies of Rotarians and Their Families

HORBY clubs are common, but club hobbies are rare. Yet the Rotary Club of Bismarck, No. Dak., has a hobby on which it has paced gaily along ever since the year it was founded. Recently ROTARIAN BURT FINNEY reported it to THE GROOM, who now reports it to you.

By their gavels ye shall know them. That is a notion Bismarck Rotarians have had for years. That's why each incoming President is handed a gavel which is not only the emblem of his authority, but also the symbol of his business or profession.

It all began with a potato masher. Back in 1920, at the inauguration of the Club's first President, the installing officer wanted to present him with some visible means of maintaining order. Suddenly he noticed the potato masher.

"Take this potato masher, Fred," he insisted. "It's just what you need to 'crack down' on any of the boys who get fractious."

The following year the incoming President was presented with a wooden spigot. It was designed, someone explained, to turn on or turn off the flow of oratory.

It was in 1922 that the idea of the symbolic gavel—one based on the incoming President's classification—was originated. The third President was a banker, so he was given a gavel in the form of a dollar sign. He was succeeded by a grocer, whose gavel resembled a prune.

Bismarck Rotarians liked the idea. Since its introduction 16 years ago, they have presented each incoming President with a unique gavel. No classification has baffled them, but several times they've worn their thinking caps to bed.

When the new President in 1933 was an ophthalmologist, they presented him with a gavel which had a glass eye set in it. To their President in 1925—a student of Indian lore—they gave a gavel which resembled a peace pipe. A collar button was featured in the gavel presented to their 1931 President—a haberdasher.

For a urologist in 1924, the members had fashioned a gavel like a kidney; for a dental surgeon in 1927, one like a tooth; for an internist in 1929, one like a heart; for a dealer in livestock in 1932, one like a bull; and for an at-

torney in 1935, one like a lawbook. The hardware merchant in 1934 received a monkey wrench. However—your scribe cannot resist this—the minutes show that this gavel never was thrown.

In 1937, the dealer in musical instruments received a gavel resembling a bass drum; in 1936, the dealer in automobiles received one like an auto wheel; in 1930, the baker received one like a doughnut; in 1928, the dealer in agricultural equipment received one like a ball of binder twine; in 1926, the contractor in electrical installations received one like an electric-light bulb.

Bismarck Rotarians always show their visitors the interesting glass case in which these gavels are exhibited in their Clubroom along with a copy of the first *Buffalo Horn*, the Club bulletin.

Every year this case is opened at the time the President retires. He grips his own gavel for the last time and then relinquishes it so that it can be put on display. There in the locked case it reminds him and others of an important year in local Rotary history.

There they lie—18 gavels, which, could they speak, would tell the story of Rotary in Bismarck, No. Dak., just as they already tell the classifications of the Presidents who used them.

What's Your Hobby?

Have you a hobby in your home? If you have and if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, why not invite others with the same hobby to exchange ideas? Just ask THE GROOM to list you here and you'll soon be making new friends who have the same hobby.

Magic: Robert E. Clark (wishes to exchange ideas with other amateur magicians), Erick, Okla., U.S.A.

Photography: Welding R. Ward, 2153 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., U.S.A.

Song Writing: Claude J. Heritier (wishes to exchange ideas with other amateur song writers), P. O. Box 166, Columbia City, Ind., U.S.A.

Photography: Richard A. Sara (wishes to exchange ideas with other amateur photographers), 366 Yale Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

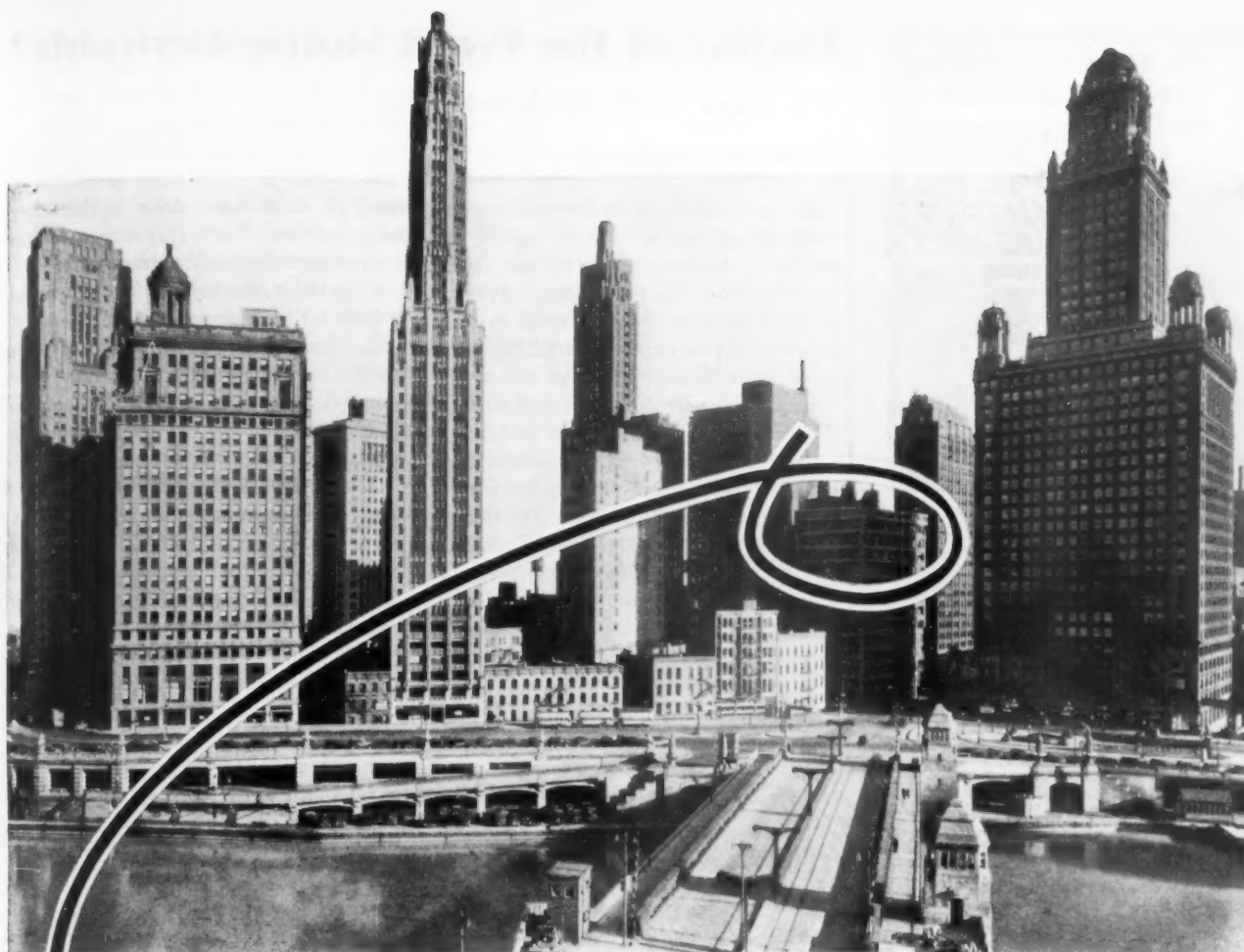
Magic: Robert P. Wurtzel (specializes in amateur conjury), 557 East Center St., Freeport, Ill., U.S.A.

Paper Tearing and Paper Magic: Mrs. Robert P. Wurtzel, 557 East Center St., Freeport, Ill., U.S.A.

THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM.

Bismarck Rotarians give each President a gavel revealing his classification.





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For the Program Maker—the 1937 Index to THE ROTARIAN will be a convenient reference help. Order yours today.

Decline of the Profit Motive Desirable?

Yes—Says Norman Thomas

[Continued from page 9]

older handcraft systems for its failure to meet men's needs. According to the Brookings Institution, in 1929 we, in the United States, had the productive capacity to produce enough more to raise every family income to the \$2,000 level, annually, without cutting off any at the top. There were then 16.4 million families with incomes below that amount.

Instead of improving, our system went into a tail spin from which it has not yet even temporarily recovered. For this no "radicals" were responsible. Your own system, gentlemen, was responsible. It still is responsible for poverty and insecurity in the midst of potential plenty. And that responsibility, unmet, has revolutionary significance.

"But," you say, "without profit, what incentive is there?" Think a little.

What makes men work even now? To some extent, I grant you, the urge for profit. But it is a cold fact that those with the biggest profits—with few exceptions—are not inventors, administrators, engineers, managers, workers, but speculators and manipulators. They are like passengers in a lifeboat in stormy seas. The answer to the question what

most of them have done is that they have done us. Their easy money invites men to speculate rather than work.

Even today, the best work of the world is done for these reasons:

1. Men work to live. Every able-bodied man ought to work to live. The principle was stated in the *Bible* long before it appeared in the Soviet Constitution.

2. Men work because of a creative urge without much thought of profit. Some of the greatest of the builders of our age have almost starved. Our scientists, our physicians, our poets, even our engineers and inventors, don't work for profit. Some of them work for very inadequate salaries. Madame Curie was so poor that she never had a piece of the radium she discovered until her American admirers gave her some.

3. Men work for a remuneration which even now is fixed by somebody—it is not profit. They are very imperfectly rewarded *according to deed*—a principle Socialists would improve and use, especially in a transition period.

4. Men work because of the service motive. Rotarians proclaim that fact eloquently 20 minutes a week. Some of us, however, believe it may have longer and wider application.

These motives will not be destroyed, but used and given fuller scope in a cooperative commonwealth or a Socialist society. We propose social ownership of the principal means of production and distribution and planned production for use, not private profit, under democratic management.

EVEN today we proudly call attention to the success of consumers' cooperation in Europe, and, to an increasing extent, in North America. Cooperatives make use of the price system to permit consumers' choice. But what would be "profits" in competitive business go back to consumers as social or individual dividends. Managerial salaries are modest and managerial skill is high.

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publicly owned electric power can mean to a community.)

One final word. There is a curious delusion among many businessmen that the profit system is part of the eternal law of Nature, that on the whole it works, that disturbances are due to "agitators."

The profit system is not an eternal law of Nature. Before machinery made abundance possible, men lived under various economic orders in all of which a dominant class—patriarchs, soldiers, slave owners, feudal lords—exploited the workers. But the profit motive as we know it and the profit system played a small part in that exploitation.

The particular form of exploitation of the profit system or of Capitalism followed Feudalism. Its work as the destroyer of Feudalism is long since done. Its earlier sanctions, such as they were,

are almost gone. It is not working and the masses increasingly are aware of it. It drives men and nations toward strife and war. It uses the machinery which might conquer poverty and make war unnecessary to produce unemployment and make war more deadly.

Economic experts tell us that we in America have the capacity for a minimum income of \$2,000 or \$2,500 a year. Why, then, our bitter poverty? If the profit system isn't to blame, what is? You can't laugh off the desire of the masses for abundance. But you will never conquer the movement to abolish the profit system, unless temporarily by the despicable means of force, unless you can dispose of the Great Agitator, poverty in the midst of potential plenty.

I say that the profit system is to blame. If not, what is?

Decline of the Profit Motive Desirable?

No—Says James Truslow Adams

[Continued from page 11]

the mechanism of modern life as would be our going back to a barter system in place of using money of some sort. It would, in fact, be a sort of barter system in motives and rewards.

So we see that the profit motive is a simplification, but it is not simple. The range of motives in working for money is just as wide as the range of goods which money represents, whether tangible or intangible.

I may here stress the fact, often overlooked, that nothing in life is simple, because human nature is both complex and infinitely varied. Those historians, for example, who would interpret all history for us in terms of economics are as wrong as those who would interpret it all in terms of religion or any other one factor or influence. It is true that we can pick out major factors more or less persistent, and so we can pick out motives in men which are more or less dominant, although the degree and combination in which they appear vary with everyone.

I have known a wide range of men in my life, railway workers in our Northwest, Wall Street brokers and bankers, authors, European statesmen, and almost every type in many countries, but I never knew one who worked merely for money pure and simple and in itself. They all worked for what lay behind the possession of money, and their motives, single or mixed, were as varied as their tastes, characters, and interests. Some worked for the joy of creation, some for satisfaction or selfish desires, some for the good of society, many for the simple joys

and needs of modest everyday life, and in all of them motives were mixed.

I speak of this because those who wish to abolish the profit motive would appear to believe in and insist upon a simplification and standardization of human nature. They all contrast the profit motive, as though it were a single simple one, with another which is single and more simple, that of "service." They talk as though this single motive would replace another single one, instead of an infinitely complex one.

I do not believe that all men can suddenly or ever be made to act from the single motive of rendering service to society. What, after all, is service? There have been few greater contributions to the intellectual inheritance of society than the writing of Shakespeare's plays, but I doubt if among the several motives operating to keep him at work in London on them, such as the profit *motif*, the joy of creation, the wish to end his life as a country gentleman, and so on, it ever occurred to him that he must write them as a matter of social service. And so with innumerable other men, small or great, who have rendered service from the many colored motives which appear when the profit motive is analyzed, as white light breaks into innumerable shades and colors in passing through a prism.

The impossibility of acting from a single motive has over and over been displayed by reformers themselves, such as those who now would insist on substituting "service for profit." One of the most powerful and dangerous motives, for in-

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stance, which can operate on an individual or a nation is the desire for power and prestige. It is often a dominating one in the creation of a great fortune or other efforts and means to acquire a high position and found a family or dynasty. Yet it is not one that appears only in those dominated by the simplified "profit motive" of the reformers. It appears often in its most virulent form in religious and other reformers themselves who would make society over according to their own ideas, and make others conform to them.

The history of all great reform movements contains the lives of those who have risen to power by claiming to be working, and sincerely, for the welfare of society, and who having tasted the intoxication of power become would-be tyrants, though they may still think, sincerely also, that they retain and increase their power solely for service. As Mark Twain said, "There is a good deal of human nature in man," and human nature, as I have said, is complex and not simple.

To a great extent I think that what those who talk about substituting the service for the profit motive mean, if the somewhat loose talk means anything definite, is that human beings should become more altruistic and less selfish. That would seem a problem for a moral or religious conversion of all individuals rather than for a sudden political or economic change in the structure of society. All can agree that the aim is a laudable one, but is the legal abolition of the profit motive the way to attain it?

I, for one, think not. There is, at least, no hypocrisy about the profit motive with the myriad real motives into which it breaks up. Men will still act from many motives because they are men, but if the service motive is legally built into society in place of the profit motive, they will have to cloak all of these under the term "service."

It would be interesting if we could know the real motives moving many of

those who prate most about service vs. profit today, even though they are self-deceived. Power can be attained through that channel as well as any other, and men will always crave power. How many men who attain it, ever gladly, or even willingly, relinquish it even when they grasped it for the real or ostensible purpose of service? And often in the exercise of power they refuse to allow others who do not talk, or perhaps think, of service, to render in their own way services which might be of the highest value to society and posterity.

Moreover, if all men had to cloak their real desires and motives under the avowed motive of service, would they not become perhaps both hypocritical and unable to perform in their own way the services which they might otherwise have unconsciously rendered?

We know the kind of poems that unfortunate poet laureates usually turn out on required occasions. Keats used the profit motive to get his pay as a pharmacist's clerk in order to write an *Ode to a Nightingale*, but would he have written it if told to do so for the good of society, and been forced to work for the service instead of the profit motive?

On the whole, I am for the profit motive as a convenient way of organizing life, just as I am for money and not barter as a convenient way of organizing our economic life. Those who talk of substituting the service motive are either merely vaguely moralizing, or, if they mean something more definite, what sort of social organization do they intend to substitute for our present one?

With their desire for a less selfish view of life on the part of many who act from the wrong motives among these included in the profit motive, I am in sympathy; but I am not so with the refusal to be more definite as to their new form of society which I can envisage as no other than Socialism running into Communism as surely as water runs down hill.

The Spark

*The spark that lit the forge's flame
Had little thought of wealth or fame,
Though from the flaming forge might
come*

*A gate, a grill, a goodly sum.
If it had thought of someone's hoard,
The smallness of its own reward,
It might have grumbled, "No, not I,"
And left the forge's fire to die.*

*And we who only bring a spark
To light a fire to light the dark,
And are forgotten when the flame
Illuminates another's name,*

*Shall we, because we know that we
Shall lie forgotten presently,
Not bring the spark to light the fire
That other hands shall make burn
higher?*

*We know when logs begin to catch
The world will quite forget the match.
But when some good and mighty cause
Shall bring some orator applause,
When men forget just where and how
And blushing leaders rise and bow,
Let us be very glad we brought
The first, faint spark that lit a thought.*

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance, 1938-39* (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

THIRD WEEK (JULY)—What Happened at San Francisco? (Club Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—
Rendezvous in the City That Is. Paul Teetor. This issue, page 32.
As a European Saw It. A. Marcus Tollet. This issue, page 40.
Golden Gate Gossip. This issue, page 42.

Books—
Proceedings of the Twenty-Ninth Annual Convention of Rotary International, San Francisco, California, U.S.A. Rotary International. 1938. \$2.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
News Letter No. 1. Brief Report of the Convention.
What Happened at San Francisco? No. 231.

FOURTH WEEK (JULY)—Education for Leisure (Community Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—
My Friends, Carleton and Helen. Farnsworth Crowder. This issue, page 26.
The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post. Every issue. This issue, page 58.
The Retreat Honorable. Abbé Ernest Dimnet. June, 1938.
The Gentle Art of Loafing. Dana H. Jones. July, 1936.
The Potter and the Merchant. Farnsworth Crowder. Oct., 1935.
A 'Secret Room' for Every Man. Lorado Taft. June, 1935.
The Arts and the Businessman. Roscoe Gilmore Stott. Jan., 1935.

Other Magazines—
Citizen Leadership in Today's Leisure Time. Glenn Frank. *Recreation.* Feb., 1938.
The Importance of Loafing. Lin Yutang. *Harper's.* July, 1937.
Satisfactions of Leisure. C. D. Bowen. *Woman's Home Companion.* Dec., 1937.

Books—
The Art of Living. Norman Vincent Peale. Abingdon Press. 1937. \$1. "Take time to live" is the author's message.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Education for Leisure. No. 666B.

FIRST WEEK (AUGUST)—Getting Acquainted with Rotary (Club Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—
Let's Moor Our Ideals to Earth. George C. Hager. This issue, page 7.
A Hungarian View of Rotary. Dr. Joseph Imre. June, 1938.
When Rotary Was a Stripling. Silvester Schiele. May, 1938.
'Can't Rotary Do Something?' Chesley R. Perry. Feb., 1938.
The Seven Facets of Rotary. Wilbur Gruber. Nov., 1937.
What Becomes of My \$4.50? Allen Street. Nov., 1937.

Books—
This Rotarian Age. Paul P. Harris. Rotary International. 1935. \$1.50.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Getting Acquainted with Rotary. No. 262.
What Do You Know about Rotary? No. 242.
Rotary's Four Lane Highway. No. 215.
What Is Rotary? No. 228.

SECOND WEEK (AUGUST)—Progress toward International Understanding (International Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—
The Impossibility of Understanding. Hubert Herring. This issue, page 12.
Experiment in Reason. Editorial. This issue, page 31.
Commerce the Civilizer. Daniel C. Roper. Apr., 1938.
A Girdle of Good Minds. James T. Shotwell. Apr., 1938.
A Forum for Labor. K. K. Krueger. Mar., 1938.
Friends—Alien and Countrymen. Henry Albert Phillips. Feb., 1938.
By Post to Peace. Karl K. Krueger. Jan., 1938.
Not 'Foreigners'—Friends. Maurice Duperry. Dec., 1937.
Needed: A 'Spare-Tire' Language. Walter D. Head. Mar., 1937.

Other Magazines—
An Attitude toward Peace. Herbert W. Hines.

Christian Science Monitor Magazine. Mar. 23, 1938. (About Rotary Institutes.)

Books—
Making New Friends. Lillian Dow Davidson. Rotary International. 1934. \$3.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Progress toward International Understanding. No. 702.
Rotary's Role in Developing International Friendship and Understanding. No. 718.
Let's Plan for Peace. Abbé Ernest Dimnet. No. 722.
The Fourth Object: Pious Wish or Impelling Motive? R. I. Past President Sydney Pascall. No. 760.
International Contacts in Rotary. No. 768.

Other Suggestions for Club Programs

POLITICS AS A CAREER

From THE ROTARIAN—
Politics As a Career. Viscount Snowden. This issue, page 15.
 No. 10 *Downing Street, London.* Sir Herbert Samuel. Nov., 1936.
'I'm Glad I Ran for Office.' Joshua D'Esposito. Nov., 1934.

Other Magazines—
State Legislature As Training for Further Public Service. J. B. Mason. *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.* Jan., 1938.
The Need of Educated Politicians. F. M. Davenport. *Education.* June, 1935.

Books—
The American Statesmen Series. John T. Morse, editor. 32 vols. Houghton Mifflin. 1882-1900. This set of pocket-size volumes includes the lives of the leading figures in the political life of the United States prior to the present century. It is to be found in most public libraries.

Grey of Fallodon. George Macaulay Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin. 1937. \$3.75. A sympathetic biography of a leader in British politics prior to the World War.
Jefferson Davis. Robert McNutt McElroy. 2 vols. Harper. \$8. 1937. An outstanding story of a remarkable career.
Disraeli and Gladstone. D. C. Somervell. Garden City Publishing Co. \$1. 1926. A witty duo-biography, contrasting two British statesmen.
The Life of William Pitt. John Holland Rose. George Bell. 1924. 15 shillings. He was Prime Minister of England at age 24.
Abraham Lincoln. Godfrey Rathbone Benson, First Baron Charnwood. Garden City Publishing Co. 1917. \$1.

TO LIVE AND BREATHE

From THE ROTARIAN—
The Miracle of the Iron Lung. Tom Mahoney. This issue, page 23.
Lung. Porter Loring gives an iron lung to San Antonio, Tex. Jan., 1938. Page 48.

Other Magazines—
Hope Chest; Breath of Life in Iron Lungs. J. D. Ratcliff. *Collier's.* Apr. 16, 1938.
Rubber Lung. Stille-Scanlan Respirator. *Scientific American.* Feb., 1938.
Life in a Respirator. Time. June 14, 1937.
The Reader's Digest. Aug., 1937.
Aluminum-Rubber Lung Less Expensive Than Iron One. *Science News Letter.* Dec. 4, 1937.
300 to 500 Respirators Are Available throughout the United States. *Science News Letter.* Sept. 18, 1937.

WHY DO MEN WORK?

From THE ROTARIAN—
Is Decline of the Profit Motive Desirable? (debate). Yes—Norman Thomas. No—James Truslow Adams. This issue, page 8.
Service and Profit. Reuben Humbert. *What They're Saying.* Oct., 1937. Page 52.
When Men Work Well. Edward J. Barcalo. Sept., 1937.
Prophecy at Amana. Arthur H. Carhart. Nov., 1936.
Social Needs and Lagging Science. Julian Huxley. Oct., 1935.

Other Magazines—
Arguments in Favor of the Profit System. Paul Howard Douglas. *Reference Shelf.* Dec., 1936.
The Psychology of the Profit Motive. Edward Lee Thorndike. And Reply. Henry Pratt Fairchild. *Harper's.* Sept. and Dec., 1936.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Money and Other Profits. Rotarian Warren Piper. No. 518.
Prices and Profits. Rotarian Cornelius D. Garretson. No. 530.
One or Two Morals in Life. Rotarian Reider Brekke. Trondhjem, Norway. No. 553.

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Left to right: Contributors Robinson, Thomas, Adams, Herring, Hough

Chats on Contributors

IN *Politics As a Career*, THE ROTARIAN presents one of the last writings of the late **Philip Snowden**, Viscount of Ickornshaw, who during his 40 years in British politics rose to a place of eminence in the Cabinet of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald.

When crippled for life in a bicycle accident at 27, he turned from his work in the civil service to that of journalism and lecturing as a member of the Independent Labor party, becoming one of its most effective speakers and in 1903, and again in 1917, its chairman. He entered Parliament in 1906 as a member of the Labor party, at once gaining repute in financial matters. He was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1923 and 1929, was created a viscount in 1931, remained in the Cabinet as lord privy seal until 1932. Author of works on Socialism, labor, and finance, his *An Autobiography* appeared in 1934. . . . **Norman Thomas**, who answers *Yes* to the debate-of-the-month query, *Is Decline of the Profit Motive Desirable?*, is recognized as the dominant figure in the Socialist party in the United States, being its Presidential candidate in the last three elections. A graduate of Princeton University and the Union Theological Seminary, he was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1911, served Eastern pastorates until 1918, demitted the ministry in 1931. He is the author of numerous books and pamphlets dealing with the social order. . . . Countering with a *No* to the debate question, **James Truslow Adams**, one of America's best known historians, speaks from many years' study and interpretation of the American scene. A member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters whose *The Founding of New England* won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1922, he is the author of *The Epic of America*, appraised by one critic to be "the best single volume of American history in existence," and *The March of Democracy*, a two-volume work. He was awarded a \$1,000 prize by *Yale Review* for his article on public affairs of 1932. Readers will recall his previous contribution to THE ROTARIAN [*Man Must Organize*, April, 1937].

Photo: Wide World



Snowden

tional Department of Social Relations for 12 years, directed seminars in Mexico and Guatemala, has been executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America since 1928. *And So to War* is his most recently published book. He contributes regularly to American journals on social and political themes. . . . **Paul Teetor**, who tells the story of the 29th annual Convention of Rotary International in *Rendezvous in the City That Is*, is assistant to the editor of THE ROTARIAN.

Donald Hough, *'Good Old Days'* *They Never Were!*, is a journalist whose forte is the debunking of popular beliefs. He has seen his fiction and other articles appear in *Collier's*, *Liberty*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. . . . **Selma Robinson**, *The School That Goes to School*, is well known as a writer of magazine articles, short stories, and poetry. Her stories have appeared in numerous anthologies, including the O. Henry Prize Collection. . . . From the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, **Farnsworth Crowder**, a frequent ROTARIAN contributor, has practiced school teaching, journalism, advertising, free-lance writing. He describes here *My Friends, Carlton and Helen*.



Mahoney

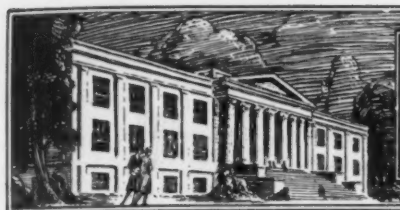
. . . **Tom Mahoney**, *The Miracle of the Iron Lung*, is an associate editor of *Look*. A veteran newspaper man, he covered assignments for the United Press for four years, was on the staff of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Times* for two. . . . **William Lyon Phelps**, Yale's professor emeritus of English literature, once again surveys new books and plays, passes on his findings in *May I Suggest—*. He is a member of the Rotary Club of New Haven, Conn. . . . **A. Marcus Tollet**, *As a European Saw It*, 1938-39 Governor of Rotary District 69, is a member of the Helsinki-Helsingfors, Finland, Rotary Club and manager of the news agency Presscentralen Uutiskeskus.

Errata. The scribe doing this department committed two since last May, both of which have found him out. One is of omission, one is of commission. And they are, to wit: lack of mention that Lord Tweedsmuir's stimulating and thoughtful *Gains of Our Generation* came to ROTARIAN columns by way of Victoria University, Toronto, where in an extended form it commemorated the centennial of that institution's founding. More egregious, perhaps, was the slip-up in the note that Lord Tweedsmuir has, since becoming Governor-General of Canada, become an honorary member of the Sherbrooke, Ont., Rotary Club. Bartley N. Holtham, Sherbrooke Rotarian, wrote in calling attention to what most everybody knows—viz., that Sherbrooke is not in Ontario, but Quebec.



Crowder

Hubert Herring, who analyzes *The Impossibility of Understanding*, has done much to promote the betterment of human relations since his graduation from the Union Theological Seminary in 1913. Following several pastorates in the Congregational church, he served as secretary of the Congrega-



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Photo: Acme

H. G. Wells, author and historian

Catastrophe?

"In the race between education and catastrophe, catastrophe is winning," declares H. G. Wells in a symposium on teaching. Replies to the British author come from an international trio of educators: Robert G. Sproul, T. A. Warren, and Pablo A. Pizzurno.

Getting a Start

How can jobless youth get jobs—how can they get a start in life? Walter B. Pitkin, psychologist, gives constructive answers to these questions in the forthcoming issue—wherein begins his series of articles on this subject.

Chemist's Way

Nations today need not fight over raw materials, declares Harrison E. Howe, science editor and long-time Rotarian. Instead they can perform miracles—manufacture synthetic products from their own natural resources. This, he says, is the chemist's way to peace.

Old Man's Game?

Not golf! The hoary epithet no longer fits the sport whose list of champions now numbers many a teen-age youth. Bob Edgren, Jr., chats engagingly about this business of "pellet-pounding" and describes certain pulse-accelerating dramas he has seen on tee and green—

In Your September ROTARIAN

Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment from the editorial mailbag

'Third Frontier' and CCC

I read *America's Third Frontier*, by Neil M. Clark [June ROTARIAN], very carefully and with a great deal of interest. So far as the reference to the Civilian Conservation Corps is concerned, I heartily agree with the enrollee who was quoted that neither the President of the United States nor any of the rest of us ever had the thought that a CCC camp would be a desirable place for any individual to spend any great length of time and certainly it was never thought of as a regular occupation.

From the very beginning of the work it has been stressed that it was merely a tide-over between the time a young man quits school or reaches working age and goes out to find a job. The third frontier to which Mr. Clark refers is an exceedingly interesting subject. That, too, was what the President had in mind when he asked Congress for authority to set up this new Federal activity. . . .

ROBERT FECHNER, Director
Civilian Conservation Corps

Washington, D. C.

Silver-Platter Generation

I was interested in *Recession—and the Way Out* [symposium, June ROTARIAN, by Sir Charles Morgan-Webb and Harold G. Moulton]. My conclusion as to the best way to weather depressions is to realize in their hardships, blessings that will be of untold benefits to the next generation. . . . Having everything does not necessarily insure happiness. Learn to be content with little and you are surer to be happy with much. . . .

Life is generally balanced. Much is rarely harvested from weak seedlings. Stalwart pioneers made this country what it was up to a short time ago, but we are now reaping the results of a generation brought up on the fat of the land which had practically everything handed to it on a silver platter.

Have no fear for the future, for when the next generation comes into power, stalwart, dependable, fearless leadership developed during hard times will again lay out our course to even a brighter and more prosperous future than we can now imagine.

GEORGE A. FREYTAG, Rotarian
Classification: Flowers Retailing

West Orange, New Jersey

Enthusiasm through Growth

I had the unique experience of getting my first glimpse of the May issue of THE ROTARIAN at Solomon, Kansas, home of a newly organized Club, a picture of the charter presentation of which is shown in that issue. Mrs. Brush and I were on our way to the 122nd District Conference at Pratt and had stopped to have lunch with Governor [1937-38] Leon F. Montague and his wife.

This prompts the thought that possibly your ROTARIAN readers are interested in the progress of Rotary Clubs recently organized. The 122nd District leads the world in new Clubs,* 21 of its 54 having been organized either last year or this year. So with 38.9 percent new Clubs, its progress as shown in the Conference and its record during the year were most interesting to me. Every one of the 54 Clubs was represented at the Conference. The meetings were

all enthusiastic and well attended and the Conference theme, which emphasized Youth Service, was of exceptionally high type. The District is notable in other ways: 21 of the Clubs have less than 25 members; various Clubs of the District are sending a total of 105 ROTARIAN subscriptions to schools, hospitals, etc.; in the District there is a Rotarian for every 424 of the population; the average attendance per month has shown a steady increase all during the year, that for April being 90.15 percent, and every one of the 54 Clubs has paid its international dues in full. Many of the newly organized Clubs were either in or on the edge of the "Dust Bowl" and they have found that Rotary is really important in time of need. One of the Clubs in a community particularly unfortunate as to dry weather has 100 percent attendance nearly all the time.

It so happened that the other Conference I have attended so far this year as a representative of Rotary International was also composed largely of new Clubs—that is, the Conference of the 134th District at St. Joseph, Missouri, Ernest W. Tedlock being the District Governor. Sixteen of its 34 Clubs are less than 16 months old and 11 of them less than nine months. One-third of all the Rotarians in the District attended the Conference. Their meetings were well attended; the interest was as fine as any Conference of seasoned Rotarians. At the morning session of the second day—not always well attended, but in this case fully so—a speaker of national note said it was one of the most inspiring groups before which he had ever appeared.

Here were two fine examples of the enthusiasm and interest growth is bringing into Rotary.

ALLISON G. BRUSH
Director of Rotary International, 1937-38
Laurel, Mississippi

Extension, Not Explosion

Just at this stage of the game the following remarks may be regarded as heresy, complete and devastating. Yet now, if ever, is the time that they must be heeded.

The bee of extension has been put into our bonnet. Every Rotarian from the crossroads to Broadway is either preaching extension or listening to it, writing it or reading it. Our magazine is full of it, and our officers talk it to our Clubs.

It has got to be a fad with us—and there is where the danger lies. When a thing becomes a habit, we stop thinking about it, and continue to do it whether it be the wisest thing or not.

Let me get this much straight before we continue. *I am for extension.* As fine a thing as is Rotary, and as worthy as are its precepts and ideal, the world would be much better off if every man joined and lived by Rotary's Code of Ethics. And conversely, we should not deny the benefits of Rotary to so many who would enjoy them and profit by them. Yet somewhere we must draw the line. There are even now thousands of men who would make fine Rotarians, who live in towns supporting Clubs already, but who for some reason or another are ineligible for membership.

A large organization would not be detrimental to Rotary—on the contrary, it would be beneficial to both Rotary and the world, in particular, as it brings closer together and nearer to

* Letter written May 7, 1938.

understanding the peoples of the world. But this large organization must be very carefully picked.

Rotary is good enough to grow without being shoved. Rotary should not be forced on a community. The ideal way would be for the community to organize its own Club, ask to join Rotary, and run a short period under probation before it is granted a charter. Let us take our example from the oak . . . grow slowly, strongly. Extension is fine stuff, but explosion is something else again.

More important still is the consideration of the assimilation of these new Clubs and new members. Rotary's precepts and ideal are far above those of the average man. When this man joins a Club, his associations and contacts will greatly improve and broaden his life, and eventually he will become a good Rotarian.

But we must remember this: putting a badge on a man's lapel does not make him a Rotarian. Only the man himself and the Club to which he belongs can do that job for him. This takes time and concentration, which, so long as we so rabidly go after new Clubs and more members, we do not have at our disposal.

Taking in small-caliber persons faster than the single Club or the whole organization is able to assimilate them will mean a degrading of the general average. If we are not more careful, instead of Rotary absorbing new blood, it will itself be absorbed by the mere numbers for which we are now driving. We need men, not membership.

When an organization goes too assiduously into the work of getting new members, membership in that organization ceases to be an honor. And until the attitude of the human race itself has improved to the point where it will be honorable to be human, we must be more careful in our selection of new members and of new Clubs; even further, we must endeavor to keep ourselves in such a position that offer of a charter to a new Club will be hailed with delight and be taken as a great honor.

Let us keep on spreading Rotary over the world. But let us do it slowly, and let us think as we do it. Let us be careful, considerate, and deliberate.

Extension? Yes! Explosion? No!

PAUL VASSER SEYDEL, *Rotarian*
Classification: Textile Chemicals, Mfg.
Atlanta, Ga.

'Extend Rotary'

As I approached the end of one of the most thrilling and interesting years of my life—that of being a Rotary District Governor—I began to wonder if I had fulfilled my trust. At the International Assembly in Switzerland last Summer under the leadership of Will R. Manier, Jr., then President of Rotary International, we received and felt the challenge of his interpretation of *The Goal of Rotary*.

My inspiration of Montreux was "where we were led by the still waters of understanding—up the mountainside of hope—to the green pastures of happiness—and beyond to the pure snow-white caps of wisdom—which by the warmth of friendship and fellowship melted, and the nourishing waters of love ran down the mountains to the river and lake—to surge out across many lands and seas carrying goodwill and peace."

Then the goal of Rotary will only be achieved when there is a Club in every community in the world where it is possible to maintain one. Extension, then—in all its phases; the filling of unfilled classifications; the developing into Rotarians the members we now have; the organiza-

What Has Your Club Done?



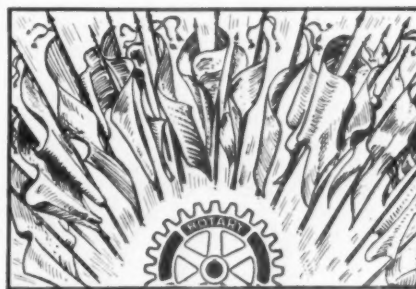
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tion of new Clubs—is the real task ahead. If Rotary is a good thing for you and for me, why, then, is it not also a good thing for other men just like us? If we must be selfish, let us be selfish about unselfishness. Does the size of a community determine the qualifications for Rotary membership; do all the good men live in big cities and all the bad men in small communities; do all the successful men live in big cities and all the failures in the small communities? No, the problem of being representative of one's classification is the same around the world, and the world needs more men thinking and acting and living the exemplification of Rotary principles.

What, then, is the first step? Determine to share Rotary with those fellows whom you know in the neighboring community; they have the same problems, joys, and happinesses as you do and would receive the same pleasure, satisfaction, and comfort from Rotary if you give them the opportunity. Write to your District Governor and ask him for the extension-survey blanks, and when you receive them, go to that prospective community and talk Rotary to the men, complete the reports, and forward them promptly to the District Governor. . . .

When the survey has been approved by the District Governor and the Board of Directors of Rotary International—which is necessary for communities of less than 2,000 population—the District Governor will appoint a sponsor Club and more than likely a special representative from the same Club to proceed with the organization in the new community. The extension division of the Secretariat in Chicago will furnish organization supplies and helps, and with the assistance of the District Governor the organization of a new Rotary Club becomes one of the most thrilling experiences of a lifetime. . . . Why? The sharing of something you cherish with others; the making of new friends; the glimpsing of new horizons.

Yes, I would again encourage and endeavor to extend Rotary by the organization of new Clubs in the hope that every community would eventually have a Rotary Club, for when that day comes, the world will not be neighbors—but one great brotherhood: understanding, secure, content. Rotary was conceived in fellowship, born for service, dedicated to peace. Extension is a vital part of the achievement of this desire.

HAROLD I. COVAULT
1937-38 Governor, District 157
Lorain, Ohio

Ten Thousand Neighbors

I drifted into San Francisco by chance, to learn that the Convention was on. I sauntered over to say "howdy" to my old friends Chesley R. Perry, Harvey C. Kendall [at left in cut above with Dr. Pitkin], Paul Tector, and the other boys. They looked a little ragged from too much handshaking and "howdies," so I eased up and went out into the House of Friendship to study the big program and spot meetings of Youth Service which might specially interest me. I didn't get far in that program. Up blew a gal (age 50, I guess) from the State of Washington, to tell me about her hens (thousands of 'em) and ask why Rotarians don't invite young fellows oftener to their meetings. No sooner had she ambled off than up came a Missouri banker I hadn't seen for eight years. We tried to settle the future of Missouri, but couldn't. A chap from Minnesota cut in and switched us to the future of Europe. We'd still be there if four folks from England and France hadn't rescued us. They talked about

lots of things—which made it easier. And so the whole morning went. And I missed a session I had especially wanted to attend.

Ten thousand neighbors all talking over backyard fences.* Ten thousand old-timers back for Home Town Week. Ten thousand business people at the corner of Main Street. . . . That was the feel of the place. Everybody knew everybody else. No formalities. No stiff introductions. And, mark you! no silliness. No



high-school-football-game stuff. Some delegates from far lands were a trifle dazed. The spirit and manner of the Convention were strange to them. It was strange to me—just a little. It gave the lie to the popular notion about American conventions. It was Something Else Again. And I liked it. I didn't think you folks could do it. But you did. You proved that all the world's a big back yard, and all the men and women in it are chatting over the back fence while hanging out the clothes.

WALTER B. PITKIN
New York City

* See *Rendezvous in the City That Is*, the story of the 1938 Convention [July ROTARIAN], in which Dr. Pitkin, author, psychologist, and ROTARIAN contributor, is briefly quoted.

Favors Attendance Rewards

I am heartily in favor of Dr. J. Fred Andrew's recommendation [*Reward Perfect Attendance*, Open Forum, April ROTARIAN] that we reward our perfect-attendance members.

The Rotary Club Secretary is in a position to know of many of the sacrifices members make to protect 100 percent records. We have one member who makes many trips across the North American Continent each year, and who, when occasion demands, will get off a train to make up his Rotary attendance.

I suggest that Rotary International have designed a standardized form of small Rotary wheel button in "denominations" of five years and upward, with the figures set boldly in the center of the Rotary wheel. Let these buttons be tastefully designed and well made, so that members will be proud to wear them on their coat lapels.

Let the Clubs purchase these and present them to their perfect-attendance members each year as their attendance percentages increase. Such buttons should be handled by and be obtainable from the Secretariat so as to insure standardization, and so they will carry an official significance.

EARL E. GILL
Rotary Club Secretary
Classification: Advertising Agency
Tucson, Arizona

Bigshotus Outdoes Huckleby

We have all endured and perhaps even imitated George W. Huckleby, Jr., so vividly described by Chet Johnson [*A Victim Looks at Huckleby Fever*, March ROTARIAN]. But frankly, Huckleby Fever is just a kid's disease compared to Bigshotus Nomenatus.

Bigshotus Nomenatus is not a fever—it's a chill. The only cure is complete isolation. The

Morgans, Vanderbilts, Wilsons, Hoovers, James, and all other folks who have a family name that someone, sometime or other, made famous or notorious are ready victims of the thousands of good fellows who are sufferers of the malady.

Just go with me into a group. This is what happens: One of the men sees us, advances with a friendly smile and outstretched hand, and says to you:

"Davidson is my name. I am glad to see you."

You tell him your name and how glad you are to be there, and then you turn to me and say:

"Mr. Davidson, I want you to meet Mr. Ford."

"Mr. Ford, I am delighted to know you" (and he means it).

I say the same to Mr. Davidson and I mean it.

Then Mr. Davidson takes us in tow and introduces us to John and Bill. They are both friendly to you and John is friendly to me, but Bill looks me over and I can see by the gleam in his eye and his friendly but rather cool smile that he has Bigshotus Nomenatus.

Bill says, "Glad to know you, Mr. Ford." Then he shoves both hands deep in his pockets, looks me in the eye, and, with a glow of triumph such as Newton must have had when the apple hit him on the head, says, "*Any relation to Henry?*"

If I had a dollar for every time I have been asked that question, I could ride in a Lincoln instead of—but enough of that.

I have tried to be funny and reply, "Yes, it is a rattling good name. Don't you think?" At other times I have tried to laugh good-naturedly and say, "Well, not enough to do any good."

Bigshotus Nomenatus also develops in other unexpected forms. Last Fall I attended a Rotary meeting in New York City. Everyone at our table was from a different State, so the usual razzing about States, climates, and politics took place. During the meal the gentleman on my left, from Florida, caught sight of an old acquaintance and called him over to our table. The gentleman from Florida then introduced each of us to his friend and told him what State we were from. Coming to me last, he said, "And this is Mr. Ford from—from—don't tell me, I will think of it—"

Finally someone said, "Kansas." "Kansas—that's it! All I could think of was Landon!"

KENNEY L. FORD, *Rotarian*
Classification: Alumni Associations
Manhattan, Kansas

'Highest Honor'

The Rotary Club of Waxahachie prizes highly not only the tangible evidence of its success in the Club-of-the-Year Contest* but also its honored place at the top of the list in the matter of Vocational Service. We consider it about the highest honor that could be paid by Rotary International, and we shall always treasure the plaque as an evidence of the worth-while activity which we carried on during the year 1936-37.

The winning of this honor has inspired our Club to greater activity and has aided us in increasing our attendance average.

LYNN D. LASSWELL
1937-38 President, Rotary Club
Classification: City Loans
Waxahachie, Texas

*See *Announcing the Winners!* [April ROTARIAN] and announcement of the 1937-38 Club-of-the-Year Contest [this issue, page 3].